GONE GIRL

by

Gillian Flynn

Based on the Novel
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Yellow Revised - 9/27/13
Pink Revised - 9/15/13
Blue Script - 8/29/13
White Script - 7/30/13
NICK (V.O.)
When I think of my wife, I always think of her head.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - SOMETIME

We see the back of AMY DUNNE'S HEAD, resting on a pillow.

NICK (V.O.)
I picture cracking her lovely skull, unspooling her brain,

Nick runs his fingers into Amy's hair.

NICK (V.O.)
Trying to get answers.

He twirls and twirls a lock, a screw tightening.

NICK (V.O.)
The primal questions of a marriage:
What are you thinking? How are you feeling? What have we done to each other?

AMY wakes, turns, gives a look of alarm.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. NORTH CARTHAGE - MORNING

A carved faux-marble entry—reading FOREST GLEN—ushers us into a ruined HOUSING DEVELOPMENT. Mostly VACANT houses. A few Fourth of July decorations hang in windows. A weird, BUCOLIC air: swaying grasses, stray wildlife.

EXT. NICK DUNNE'S FRONT YARD - DAWN

TITLE CARD:
JULY 5th, 2012
THE MORNING OF

NICK DUNNE, 30s, handsome, is taking out the trash; his yard is the only one mowed—all around him WILDERNESS encroaches.

The SUN rises over the treeline and blares its FIRST-DEGREE SPOTLIGHT in his face. He looks ILL.
He turns and stares back at his HOUSE as if girding himself. He strides across the yard, opens the door. His shadowy figure fills the doorway for a moment. He SHUTS the door.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

NICK—wearing noticeably different clothes—arrives under a glaring SUN. Down the street, a troupe of HOMELESS MEN walks single file along the river.

INT. THE BAR - DAY

Nick’s twin sister, GO, 30s, nerdy-hot, is washing mugs. The bar is packed with ‘80s kitsch: board games, toys, posters. Their very own CLUBHOUSE.

GO
Ah, the Irish prince graces us with his presence.

He sits on the bar’s customer side. She flicks suds at him. *

NICK
Brought you a present.

He sets a decrepit ‘70s-era Master Mind on the bar.

GO
(sweet smile)
Master Mind! I hated this game!

NICK
You loved it.

GO
You loved it. Thanks.

She places it behind the bar alongside SORRY!, CLUE, LIFE.

NICK
Pour me a bourbon, would ya?

GO glances pointedly at the clock: 11:09 a.m. She pours two bourbons. SETTLES in.

GO
What’s up, Jitters?

He shrugs. She tries to wait him out. Fails.
GO (CONT'D)
If you don't talk, I'll fill the silence with: an Excruciating Story by Margo Dunne.

He smiles. This is an old, reliable routine.

GO (CONT'D)
I could tell you about my customer-service experience while changing Internet providers.

NICK
I do like that one.

GO
Or the time I saw a woman who looked exactly like my friend Monica but it wasn't Monica, it was a stranger-

NICK
-whose name was...Monica.

GO
Made it kind of interesting.

She gives a look: Talk.

NICK
It's a bad day.

GO
Amy?

NICK
Our anniversary. Five.

GO
Five?! That came fast.

NICK
And furious.

INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

CLOSEUP on a PEN, cursiving across a DIARY. The pen is GIRLY, topped with pink feathers. We see at the top: January 8, 2005. We hear the words as we see them written in pink.

AMY (V.O.)
I'm so crazy, stupid happy.
INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

AMY ELLIOTT, early 30s, gorgeous, is in a crowded hipster party. Dude-heavy. She weaves her way through the guys.

AMY (V.O.)
I met a boy.

She spots her FRIEND deep-flirting a guy, and stops midway, stuck with TWO BEERS. She makes her way toward a table with picked-over food and scans the room for anyone she knows. She spots NICK DUNNE—he spots her.

AMY (V.O.)
A great, gorgeous, sweet, cool-ass guy.

Nick weaves his way over. She’s setting down her beer.

NICK
It’s dangerous to set down a monk-brewed Belgian wheat beer when the party is down to three Beast Lites and a bottle of Pucker.

AMY
Might attract some desperate characters.

He gestures toward a group of Williamsburg musician-types: suspenders and broad-brimmed hats.

NICK
Things could get ugly. The Amish are on Rumspringa.

AMY
They already relieved me of my artisanal meat platter.

NICK
Finally, someone to tell me how to pronounce that word.

AMY
Meat?

NICK
One syllable.

He picks up the beer.
NICK (CONT'D)
Whose beer am I drinking?
(moving closer to her, so they have same POV)
What's your type?

They scan the crowd together. Cozy. Nick points to a horn-rimmed, haughty DOUCHEBAG.

NICK (CONT'D)
I can't picture you sitting still while he bloviates about his post-grad thesis on Proust.

Nick points to a sideburned guy in a NOVELTY TEE.

NICK (CONT'D)
Ironic hipster so self-aware he makes everything a joke?

AMY
I prefer men who are funny, not "funny."

Nick points to a wavy-haired granola-yoga type.

NICK
Please tell me it's not Deeply Sensitive Emo-Dude-

AMY
-who says things like "I love strong women."

NICK
Code for "I hate strong women."

A beat as they scan the room, then face each other.

AMY
And what type are you?

NICK
Corn-fed, salt-of the earth Missouri guy.

AMY
Missouri?! How cute.

NICK
Ah: native New Yorker!
AMY
World ends at the Hudson. I’m Amy.

NICK
So tell me, Amy. Who are you?

AMY
A. I am an award-winning scrimshander. B. I am a moderately influential warlord. C. I write personality quizzes for magazines.

NICK
(taking her hand)
A. Your fingers are far too delicate for real scrimshaw work. B. I am a charter subscriber to Middling Warlord Weekly—I’m sure I’d recognize you. So: C.

AMY
And you? Who are you?

NICK
I’m the guy to save you from all this awesomeness.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR - NIGHT
They head down: tipsy, not touching, but thinking about it.

AMY
So if you write for a men’s magazine, does that make you an expert on being a man?

NICK
In theory, I know what men drink, what men wear-

AMY
How men bullshit.

NICK
Not with you.

Amy laughs: ha, ha.

NICK (CONT’D)
I’m serious.

She stops, studies him.
AMY
It's hard to believe you. I think it's your chin.

NICK
My chin?

AMY
It's quite villainous.

She places a finger over his chin. Tests the view.

NICK
No bullshit. 100% truth.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

They are huddling together, walking to hail a cab.

NICK
I love New York parties because I get to leave and walk out into New York. The Great What Next?

They turn the corner and step into a cloud of powdered sugar as it's funneled into a bakery. A SUGAR SNOWSTORM. Nick grins: Like this!

NICK (CONT'D)
You know I have to kiss you now.

AMY
Is that right?

NICK
I would be a fool to let you walk through a sugar storm unkissed.

The sugar floats all around them. A fairytale. They lean in.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hold on.

Nick brushes her lips clean. They kiss.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SHABBY, CRAMPED garden studio apartment. BARS on the windows. NICK and AMY are in bed: blissful. Outside, a car's headlights flash: Their sugary prints light up the headboard.
AMY
Nick Dunne. I really like you.

11 INT. THE BAR - DAY

The Master Mind sits untouched as GO sets up LIFE.

GO
So is Amy going to do one of her anniversary-whaddaya call it?-treasure hunts?

NICK
You mean the forced march designed to point out what an uncaring, oblivious asshole I am.

GO
Wow.

Silence. Nick stares at the LIFE board.

NICK
LIFE. I don’t remember the point.

GO
Deep Hasbro thoughts. Spin. What was the clue last year she got so mad about?

NICK
(reciting)
“When your poor Amy has a cold; this dessert just must be sold.”

GO
The answer?

NICK
I don’t know, Go!

NICK spins, moves his man, lands on Get Married.

GO
Few years ago—you’d have known.

GO places a pink peg-wife in his car. He glares at it.

NICK
Few years ago it was fun. Year One, the traditional gift is paper—so at the end, she gave me a bound notebook.
NICK (CONT'D)
So I could write my novel.

GO
What'd you give her?

NICK
A kite. She'd never flown a kite.

Go spins; skips over the Get Married space.

NICK (CONT'D)
Year Four: flowers. She led me to
the dying rosebush in our backyard.

GO
The one you never watered...so
symbolic. What's the gift for five?

NICK
Wood.

GO
What'd you get her?

NICK
There's no good gift for wood.

GO
Go home, fuck her brains out, then
smack her with your penis: Some
wood for you, bitch!

They laugh. Interrupted by the phone. Go answers.

GO (CONT'D)
The Bar...Yep, hold on.
   (hand over mouthpiece)
It's Watchful Wally!

NICK
Bet my gutters need snaking.
   (picking up phone)
Hey, Walter. What's up?...Oh! that
is weird. OK, thanks.
   (to Go)
Bleecker's outside.

GO
You are way too into that cat.

NICK
He's my special furry pal.
He heads to the door, points at the LIFE board.

NICK (CONT'D)
Tell me how it ends.

12 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

NICK pulls up, salutes WALTER, who's on his front porch behind a WALKER. WALTER gives a curt nod. BLEECKER is sitting on the Dunne stairs. Nick scoops him up, heads to the FRONT DOOR, which is GAPING WIDE OPEN. Nick stops in his tracks.

13 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

NICK doesn't close the door. He sets the cat down.

NICK
Amy?

We follow Nick as he heads up the stairs.

14 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Neat. Empty. An iron sits on an ironing board, pretty DRESS next to it. No Amy.

15 INT. HALLWAY - UPSTAIRS ROOMS - DAY

Nick proceeds—quickly—down the hallway, peering into doors: An OFFICE (his, a disaster); an elaborately pillowed GUEST ROOM, and one room that contains only a LITTER BOX. Nick goes back downstairs, into:

16 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Two placemats on the shiny table.

17 INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amy's office. Neat as a pin. Empty.

18 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick runs back through the DINING ROOM, into the:
19 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick stops short. The carpet is covered with GLASS SHARDS from the overturned coffee table. END TABLES are SMASHED; an OTTOMAN is UPSIDE DOWN. NICK backs up.

20 EXT. WALTER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Walter looks up from his paper as he hears, from across the street:

    NICK (O.S.)

Amy!!

21 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

DOOR opens on RHONDA BONEY, 40s, and JIM GILPIN, 20s.

    BONEY
    Mr. Dunne? I'm Detective Rhonda Boney and this is Officer James Gilpin. We understand there are concerns about your wife?

Nick walks them in, shows them the scene.

    NICK
    My wife is gone. I came home to this.

They bend down, examine the scene. Hard to read if they're impressed or not. BONEY takes a YELLOW POST-IT and places it on the MANTEL below three upright photo FRAMES.

    NICK (CONT'D)
    I'm not someone who hits the panic button, but--it's weird, right?

    BONEY
    You mind if we look around?

22 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

They speak in time to the stair steps.

    BONEY
    How long you two been here?

    NICK
    Two years, September. We used to live in New York.
GILPIN

City?

NICK
I was a writer. We were writers.

BONEY
Why’d y’all come back here?

NICK
My mom got sick.

BONEY
I’m sorry, how is she?

NICK
She’s dead.

23 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Boney reaches the landing, eyes Nick like a patient mom.

BONEY
I’m so sorry.

They start down the hall.

BONEY (CONT’D)
So what do you do now? For work.

NICK
Now I own The Bar, downtown. With my twin sister, Margo.

BONEY
The Bar! Love the name. Very meta.

24 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Boney tests the IRON. Hot. Unplugs it. Looks at the dress.

BONEY
Pretty dress. Date night?

NICK
It’s our anniversary.

BONEY sticks another POST-IT on the IRONING BOARD.
25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick walks ahead with GILPIN as BONEY lingers: She sees on the baseboard three SPLASHES of rusty RED. Looks more curious than alarmed. A POST-IT down.

26 INT. AMY’S OFFICE - DAY

BONEY enters. Checks out Amy’s desk area. BONEY flips through Amy’s well-tended desk calendar: “NICK: DENTIST” is set for March 2013. In July 2013 is “BLEECKER: SHOTS.” Amy’s degrees cover the walls: HARVARD undergrad, Masters in Psych.

BONEY
Wow. Impressive gal.

One small corner is dedicated to a kids’ book series, AMAZING AMY. Photos of Amy, at all ages, with her parents, RAND and MARYBETH, in front of posters for the books.

NICK
So should I be con(cerned)-

BONEY
(studying a picture)
I remember these books.

CLOSEUP of a dual frame: AMAZING AMY, the iconic cartoon drawing, is grinning from one side. Our real AMY ELLIOTT DUNNE is mimicking the same grin on the other side.

BONEY (CONT’D)
I remember these! Wait. Your wife is Amazing Amy?

27 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

CLOSEUP of a DIARY, a PEN—advertising AMAZING AMY—is cursiving across. The eraser topper is a BRIDE with VEIL. The date is February 24, 2007. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
Amazing Fucking Amy is getting fucking married! That’s how the night started.

28 INT. UPSCALE NEW YORK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

AMY (V.O.)
With me—regular, flawed, Real
Amy—jealous, as always, of the
golden child. Perfect, brilliant
Amazing Amy. Who is getting fucking
married.

NICK and Amy are tight together. Waiters are circulating
drinks, wearing T-shirts with an impish Amazing Amy and her
TRADEMARK line: If it’s worth doing, it’s worth doing BRIGHT!

NICK
Now you can say you came. And in 10
minutes we’ll leave.

AMY
Perfect, time for a quick tour of
my failings.

They walk along the wall of BOOK POSTERS. Stop in front of a
poster of: gradeschool AMAZING AMY holding a CELLO. A MUTT
beside her.

AMY (CONT’D)
When I was 10 I quit cello. In the
next book, Amazing Amy became a
prodigy.

Next POSTER: teen AMAZING AMY playing volleyball.

NICK
You don’t play volleyball.

AMY
I got cut freshman year. She made
varsity.

They continue their tour.

NICK
And how long did you have a dog?

AMY
She got a dog. Puddles made her
more relatable.

They stop in front of the biggest poster: Amazing Amy, in a
bridal veil, a BLAND GROOM next to her. The banner reads:
30th Anniversary Special Edition-AMAZING AMY AND THE BIG DAY.

NICK
I love your parents, but they can
be assholes.
In the center of the limp party, RAND and MARYBETH, 60s, cheerily hand out commemorative PENS-identical to the one Amy used for her DIARY. Rand spots them—hands them each a pen.

RAND
(to Amy)
Hey, sweetheart, this is a big night for your mom. It would mean so much to her if you’d talk to a few reporters. Bloggers. Give ’em a little “Amy” color.

Painful pause.

RAND (CONT’D)
People want to hear from you.

AMY
We can’t stay long-

RAND
Fantastic! Fifteen minutes, tops!

As Rand strides away, Nick gives Amy a look.

AMY
This is why I have my trust fund, my Brooklyn brownstone. I can’t really complain.

NICK
Your parents plagiarized your childhood.

AMY
No, they improved upon it, and then peddled it to the masses.

Marybeth pops up, a little tipsy, hugs them.

MARYBETH
I thought you were going to wear white to match the wedding theme.

AMY
I thought that’d be embarrassing.

MARYBETH
(half joking)
If it’s worth doing-

NICK
It’s worth doing..how’s that go?
BRIGHT! BRIGHT! The waiters are everywhere in the T-shirts.

NICK (CONT'D)
Tip of my tongue...

MARYBETH
You're very cute, Nick. Amy, you know what would make Dad's night-

AMY
I'm on it.
(to Nick)
I love having strangers pick at my scabs.

29 INT. - BAR CORNER - NIGHT

Amy, standing at a cocktail table, deals with a montage of New York media types. NICK hovers nearby.

EARNEST GIRL
I'm curious whether it's difficult for you to watch Amazing Amy heading down the aisle-

FASHIONISTA
-and this big party celebrating this fictional wedding-

NERVOUS INTERN
Because my understanding is that you are not married-

ABOVE-IT-ALL JOURNALIST
Correct?

AMY
Correct. Amazing Amy is always, always one step ahead of me.

Nick cuts in, blocks the journalist.

NICK
I have a few questions.

AMY
Ah, it's you.

NICK
I am here in a strictly journalistic capacity.

He elaborately sets out pad, pen. AMY prepares to be amused.
NICK (CONT’D)
Amy, you’ve had the pleasure of dating Nick Dunne for how long?

AMY
Two magical years.

NICK
Is it true that during the course of your relationship, you have performed such gracious gestures as
(checking notes)
...not correcting Nick when he pronounced quinoa as kwin-o-a.

AMY
An understandable mistake.

NICK
He also thought it was a fish.

AMY
He thinks Velveeta is a cheese.

NICK
Touché.

AMY
I think it’s pronounced tow-chay.

NICK
(laughing)
You also manage to appear surprised and delighted when Nick’s elderly mother breaks into “New York, New York” every... time... she sees you.

AMY
(crooning)
These bag of bone shoes...

NICK
You also bought Nick his first pair of scissors, correct?

AMY
And matching stapler.

NICK
Amy Elliott, you are beyond amazing. You are incredibly smart but entirely unsnobby. You are kind but never a martyr. You surprise me. You challenge me.

(MORE)
NICK (CONT'D)
And—fun fact for our readers—you have a world-class vagina.

Amy chokes on her drink.

NICK (CONT'D)
However my colleagues inform me that as yet you are not married.

AMY
I am not.

NICK
Isn't it time we fixed that?

AMY (V.O.)
Then the night wasn't so bad anymore.

INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

GILPIN is watching NICK from the other side of the glass. NICK’s fiddling with his smartphone. BONEY enters.

BONEY
How’s our boy?

GILPIN
He’s just fucking with his phone. Playing, like, Tetris.

They watch NICK a few more seconds.

BONEY
I remember him, you know? From when he was little. Cute kid. Straight out of a cereal commercial.

Gilpin gives a bored grunt: he couldn’t care less.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Gil? If this girl doesn’t show up...this could get out of hand.

GILPIN
Because of those books?

BONEY
Your wife likes those tabloid crime shows, right?

GILPIN
She’s an addict.
BONEY
OK, so: Beautiful wife, handsome husband-

GILPIN
Wife goes missing on her anniversary-

BONEY
-turns out she’s the star of a book series every woman in the country read as a kid.

GILPIN
Shit.

BONEY
We are the cops of a suburb of a suburb. Let’s stay on our toes.

31 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

BONEY, GILPIN and STEVE the TECH enter. STEVE is brandishing a packet of wrapped Q-tips and his GSR kit.

BONEY
Nick, this is Steve Eckert. He’s going to take a swab of your cheek and a hand swipe if that’s ok.

NICK
This is for?

GILPIN
Gunshot residue, DNA.

BONEY
Just so we can say we did. OK?

NICK
OK.

Steve is in and out with no eye contact.

BONEY
And now it’s done. Crossed off the list.

Steve leaves. Nick watches his samples going out the door.
BONEY (CONT’D)
Now, normally, we wouldn’t treat this as a missing persons case so quick. We’d tell you to call back in 24 hours. But given the scene in the house and given our spike in violent crime of late, we’re going to take this very, very seriously.

NICK
OK. Good.

BONEY
So: We got forensics over at your place. You got somewhere to stay?

NICK
My sister’s.

BONEY
Good. We’re tracking Amy’s phone, credit cards. We’ll organize searches, put up flyers. We’ll hold a press conference tomorrow.

NICK
A press conference?!

BONEY
Want to get the word out, right?

An officer comes in with two styrofoam cups of coffee, slaps a manila envelope on the table. NICK smiles. BONEY frowns.

NICK
Sorry. I felt like I was in a Law and Order episode for a second. Bum-BUM.

BONEY
You’re not, unfortunately.

She stares at NICK, aggressively PONDERING.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Now, time is of the essence in these cases. That said, if you want to call a lawyer...

NICK
No, no, whatever you need.
BONEY
OK, so you and Amy have been here two years. You tend bar.

NICK
I own The Bar. I also teach a creative-writing class at MVCC.

BONEY
No kids?

NICK
No kids.

BONEY
So what does Amy do, most days? Woman with all those degrees, what does she do?

NICK
She stays busy.

BONEY
Doing what?

Nick attempts a mental inventory. Fails.

NICK
She’s a big reader.

This lands as lamely as it sounds—and everyone notes it.

BONEY
Days can get long. I know a few housewives, that evening glass of wine starts coming at noon. Or prescription pills-

GILPIN
Just last week: soccer mom, nice lady, got her teeth kicked in over some Oxycontin.

BONEY
Ever since the mall went bust, half the town out of work...we can’t keep up with the drug problem.

NICK
I’m sure that’s not it.

BONEY
Amy got friends we can talk to?
NICK
Not really. No.

BONEY
No friends. In this whole town.

NICK
She was friendly with my mom...
(pause)
We've had a problem with the homeless in our neighborhood-

GILPIN
We'll look into it.

BONEY
So you got to The Bar around eleven today. Where were you before then?
Just to cross that off.

NICK
Well, I was at home until 9 or so.
Then I was at Sawyer Beach. Had my coffee, read the paper.

BONEY
You visit with anyone there?

NICK
I go there for the quiet.

Nick picks off pieces of his Styrofoam cup; it squeaks.

BONEY
So your wife has no friends here. Is she kinda...stand-offish?...Ivy League?

Nick is visibly uncomfortable. He squeaks at the styrofoam.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Rub people the wrong way?

NICK
Well, she's complicated. She has high expectations.

Boney puts her hand on his to get him to stop the squeaking.

BONEY
Type A. That can drive you crazy if you're not like that. You seem laid-back. Type B. Speaking of which:
Amy's blood type?
NICK
Don’t know.

BONEY
You don’t know if she has friends, you don’t know how she spends her days, you don’t know her blood type?

GILPIN
Sure you guys are married?

NICK
Maybe 0?

BONEY
Her folks still in New York?

NICK
Yes.

BONEY
Can they get here in time for the press conference tomorrow?

NICK
I haven’t called them yet.

BONEY
You haven’t called your wife’s parents?

NICK
I’ve been talking with you!

BONEY
Call them please, Nick. Now.

NICK leaves—BONEY cocks an eyebrow at GILPIN. Door shuts.

GILPIN
Should I know my wife’s blood type?

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Nick on a wall phone, pacing on the short leash of the cord. We hear MARYBETH’s TONE on the other end: FEMALE; ANGRY.

NICK
I’m so sorry, Marybeth. I just kept hoping she’d walk back in the door.
MARYBETH
(a scattering of words)
Played...tennis...on a plane now-

NICK
We're still not sure what we're dealing with. The cops have been through the house and I've been at the station and we decided...at this point they're taking it very seriously. And so I'm calling you.

MARYBETH
(a few words)
Did they....know...if

NICK
I'm not positive on that.

MARYBETH
Have they...started...

NICK
I'm not sure...I've been juggling-
A detective Rhonda Boney. But...OK.

BONEY is standing outside the interrogation room.

NICK (CONT'D)
My mother-in-law would like to speak with you.

BONEY takes the phone and NICK walks down the hall, chastened, ANGRY. Splashes his face at the water fountain. Breathes. Looks back at BONEY on the phone with Marybeth.

BILL DUNNE (O.S.)
Don't want to be here.

NICK stops in his tracks, listens. Peers into a holding room. BILL DUNNE, 60s, bedraggled, is muttering to himself while a quietly FURIOUS FEMALE officer waits with him.

BILL DUNNE
I want to go home.

NICK
What's going on? This is my dad.
FEMALE OFFICER
Really? You’re Nick Dunne. We’ve been calling you for hours.

NICK
I’ve been here talking to your detectives. My wife is missing.

The officer begins to soften—

BILL DUNNE
Bitch.

FEMALE OFFICER
Your father wandered out of Comfort Hill this morning. We found him walking Route 79. Disoriented. We’ve been calling.

Nick holds up his phone. No bars.

NICK
I have zero reception. But I’ve been right goddam next door.

FEMALE OFFICER
Sir, please don’t take that tone with me.

BILL DUNNE
Stupid, dumb bitch.

BONEY is revealed to be in the doorway, listening.

BONEY
You want to drive him home?

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

BONEY walks NICK to the EXIT. His dad is sitting in the passenger seat of his car.

BONEY
Your dad seems nice.

Nick laughs in spite of himself.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Alzheimer’s?

NICK
He’s always been a misogynist asshole.
BONEY
You see him much?

NICK
Not since I was 10 and my mom finally divorced his ass.

Boney gives him a pat.

BONEY
Go sleep. Tomorrow will be long.

She watches NICK head down the steps. GILPIN joins her.

BONEY (CONT'D)
Let's check the mall. Just because he says it's not drug related-

GILPIN
Yep.

BONEY
Let's check Sawyer Beach. Two hours there-someone had to have seen him.

GILPIN
Will do.

BONEY
And let's check into our guy here. See what kind of man he is.

GILPIN
He's the kind of man who plays Tetris while his wife is missing.

NICK and his DAD drive SILENTLY through the town. Nick reaches across his DAD and removes from his GLOVEBOX a CHEAPO DISPOSABLE phone. He dials. VOICEMAIL. Hangs up.

He pulls up front of Comfort Hill Assisted Living. Helps his DAD out and inside. Returns to car in seconds: Fastest drop-off ever.
INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

We see a souvenir BIG APPLE pen writing across the DIARY—date at the top: July 5, 2009. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
Everyone told us—and told us and
told us—marriage is hard work.

EXT. NEW YORK BOOKSTORE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. NEW YORK BOOKSTORE - STACKS - DAY

Nick is wearing a backpack, holding an Amy-blue CLUE as he makes his way; Amy follows, all grins.

AMY (V.O.)
And compromise...and more work.
Abandon all hope, ye who enter.

Nick is going past Z, past T, past O, past H.

AMY (V.O.)
Well it’s not true. Not for me and
Nick. With us, two years—it’s just
good.

NICK
I’m not crazy: “When young Amy’s
hope did wane, she wandered here in
search of Jane.” Austen right?

They arrive at the A’s.

NICK (CONT’D)
You were an alienated teen...and
only Elizabeth Bennet understood
you.

He pulls out Pride and Prejudice. A BLUE ENVELOPE inside. She kisses him. He reads the next clue.

NICK (CONT’D)
You naughty minx.

She kisses him again, deeply. Looks around. Stacks are empty.

AMY
Technically we’re supposed to fuck
at the next stop.
NICK
In keeping with tradition.

She's already undoing his belt. Hand inside his jeans.

AMY
We've never fucked in a bookstore.

NICK
God bless Jane Austen.

40 INT. BOOKSTORE - STACKS - DAY

A bookshelf: Packed with books. One tumbles to the floor. Another. Another. Three at once as a hand busts through: Amy trying to get a grip. Through the fallen books we can see Nick and Amy in patchwork: They look like an AD for SEX.

41 INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Nick and Amy, post-glow, clink glasses and swallow.

NICK
I haven't been here since...

AMY
I dragged you into the ladies' room on our second date.

NICK
Why did we end up here?

AMY
It was January. We were cold. The light was on.

They both sip.

NICK
Books, sex, bourbon. Life is good.

Nick scans under the bar. Finds a blue ENVELOPE. Nick reads the CLUE.

NICK (CONT'D)
And just got better.

42 EXT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT
INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The table is strewn with dishes, desserts, drinks. A FEAST. The waiter approaches with a gift box, sets it on the table.

AMY
Year Two, cotton.

Nick opens the top, peers in. A strange look on his face.

AMY (CONT’D)
Because, we had that joke, that our sex was too good for mere-

He pulls out luxurious deep blue sheets. They’re out of the wrapping, folded like a newspaper with a bow.

AMY (CONT’D)
So these are 2,000 thread count-

Nick hands her his BACKPACK, grinning. Amy opens it, pulls out a gift bag—and identical sheets. Nick kisses her.

AMY (CONT’D)
Sometimes I want to punch us in the face we’re so cute.

They kiss again. Stay close.

NICK
(whispering)
That’s crazy though, isn’t it?

EXT. GO’S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. GO’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Go is shaking out SHEETS—200 count—while Nick paces.

GO
Did they ask if you wanted a lawyer?

She tucks the sheets into the couch.

NICK
I don’t need a lawyer.

GO
Did they ask you personal stuff? About Amy?
NICK
They asked why she has no friends here.

GO
What’d you say?

NICK
I just said she was complicated.

GO
Nick, everyone knows “complicated” is code for bitch.

Nick’s phone BUZZES in his pocket. Go is getting bourbon. He hits OFF. She returns with two glasses and a bottle.

GO (CONT’D)
I feel sick. It’s so bizarre. It just seems like the kind of thing that would happen to Amy. She always attracts-

NICK
Drama. You’re with me, Go. You can say it.

GO
Just because I don’t love Amy doesn’t mean I don’t care about her. I’m really scared.

Go tosses a pillow at Nick, waits for a reaction. Nothing.

EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT

BONEY is drinking a huge COFFEE as she and GILPIN walk toward the house. We can see a half block away, NOELLE HAWTHORNE, PREGNANT, towing identically dressed toddler TRIPLETS.

NOELLE
Detective, detective!

Noelle catches up. An air of annoying self-importance. In the background, we can see cops scouring the neighborhood.

NOELLE (CONT’D)
I’m Noelle Hawthorne. I’m Amy’s best friend.

Boney and Gilpin exchange a look: A friend?!
BONEY
Wow, great. Where do you live, Noelle?

NOELLE
Five doors down, 1022.

BONEY
Wonderful. I'd love to talk with you, thank you. Can I come by in half an hour?

NOELLE
Do you know anything yet?

BONEY
I'm so sorry, I got guys on the clock. Give me 30 minutes?

NOELLE
That's usually bathtime.

BONEY
We'll talk between shampoos.

47 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
A half dozen officers are on scene: photos, fingerprints. OFFICERS ARE BAGGING ALL THE TRASH. BONEY, GILPIN and DONNELLY, forensics, hit the stairs.

BONEY
So where are we?

DONNELLY
That is definitely blood spatter you saw in the kitchen. Normally, kitchen; knives; food prep; not that weird. But the positioning is awfully strange. I'll order a Luminol sweep.

48 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
As they reach the bedroom, we can see an officer next door in Nick's OFFICE, SIFTING through the contents of the FIREPLACE and BAGGING. A uniformed officer awaits them in the BEDROOM.

GILPIN
House is rented, in her name. Car is in her name.

(MORE)
GILPIN (CONT'D)
Phones, credit cards, utilities all in her name. Even his bar is in her name.
BONEY
I don't know that's so surprising.

GILPIN
No, but it is humiliating.

OFFICER
(motioning to closet)
It's way in the back there.

BONEY heads into the walk-in, dresses and shirts swaying as she passes. At the far back is Amy's dresser. A drawer is open. Inside is a BLUE ENVELOPE marked CLUE ONE. BONEY exits the closet displaying it for GILPIN.

BONEY
We have our First Clue!

She rips open the envelope.

INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

NICK is asleep on the couch, an empty bottle of bourbon next to him. GO nudges him awake, proffering a Coke and Advil. Nick takes them silently, guzzles the Coke, checks his watch.

TITLE CARD:
July 6, 2012
ONE DAY GONE

NICK
I should shower.

GO
Go just like that. You've been up all night. You want to look like you've been up all night.
(pause)
Be careful today, OK?

NICK
That's a weird thing to say.

GO
When you're upset, you bottle up. You can seem...angry...like-

NICK
Please don't say like Dad.
GO
Or else you swing into your Mama’s boy charm offensive—it can feel glib.

NICK
Great, I’ll try to balance on the exact edge of your emotional razor. Fucking press conference.

GO
Just be-

NICK
Myself?

Silence. Because the obvious answer is no.

50 OMIT - INT. CAR - DAY

51 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

NICK and GO arrive at the police station and get out of car.

52 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

BONEY walks NICK and GO in. The busy crowd of cops parts: we see RAND and MARYBETH, SUITCASES at their feet.

BONEY
Your in-laws made it.

NICK approaches warily. RAND hugs him fiercely. MARYBETH stays outside the circle.

MARYBETH
We played tennis last night, Nick! I just can’t get over it.

NICK
Marybeth, I’m sorry.

RAND
(to Marybeth)
We’re here now.

MARYBETH
I knew you shouldn’t have moved back here.
NICK
(pointed)
We didn’t have a lot of choice.

RAND
We are all worried, we are all scared. But we are all here now, and we will find Amy. Together.

He pulls MARYBETH in on the hug. She allows it but keeps tracking EVERYTHING in the office.

53 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Boney and Go POV on group hug.

BONEY
They get along?

GO
Honestly, here’s the secret to Nick. He looks like the preppy asshole from the ’80s teen movie, but he’s really the A/V nerd with the pet ferret.

54 INT. STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BONEY leads the ELLIOTTS and NICK into a room of a HALF DOZEN BORED LOCAL REPORTERS: Texting, eating, gabbing. As they catch sight of handsome NICK, they put down their sandwiches. AMY’s gorgeous MISSING poster is revealed. An AMAZING AMY book jacket is revealed. Everyone is extremely attentive.

NICK
Thank you for coming. My wife, Amy Elliott Dunne, went missing from our home on July 5 between 9 am and 11:30 am under very concerning circumstances. We ask for anyone who may have knowledge of what has happened to her to come forward.

And...he’s done? Rand steps in.

RAND
Amy is our only child. She’s smart and beautiful and kind. She really is Amazing Amy.

(MORE)
I know there are millions of people out there who grew up with her and care about her. We care about her, we love her and we want her back.

MARYBETH
Amy is a decorated scholar. She forged a successful career in journalism. She returned here to her husband's hometown, and she made a life in her adopted home. Now Amy needs your help. We are setting up a volunteer headquarters at the Drury Lodge. We have a hotline, 1-855-4-AMY-TIPS and our website is FindAmazingAmy.com.

Nick and the Elliotts pause for a few photos. The Elliotts look devastated; NICK looks annoyed. A PHOTOG asks Nick to pose next to Amy's photo: a demented PROM SHOT. SNAP!

NICK looks more annoyed. He glances at GO; she prods him to SMILE. NICK flashes a sudden, smarmy SMILE, overly charming and oily. The CAMERAS click crazily. SNAP! SNAP! He drops it.

55 INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BONEY, RAND AND MARYBETH and NICK are at a conference table. Boney is taking notes. The Elliotts have their two suitcases with them. They open one: It's filled with "AMY FILES": Photo albums, news clippings, Amazing Amy books.

MARYBETH
We have suspects you'll want to look at, Detective.

Rand is pulling out photos, notes, from a manila envelope.

RAND
Amy's the kind of girl who attracts admirers. Tell her, Nick.

NICK
It's very true.

RAND
We've had a few instances where things got-

MARYBETH
Scary.
(to Nick)
Do you know about Desi Collings?
A photo flies into frame: AMY, in an old prom shot with DESI COLLINGS. Boarding-school beautiful. It echoes the "prom shot" we just saw of Nick and "Cardboard Amy."

NICK
Yes. I know all about Desi. I know he writes her letters.

MARYBETH
He was obsessed. He attempted suicide after Amy broke up with him sophomore year. We filed a restraining order.

BONEY
This would be high school...20 years ago?

MARYBETH
He moved to St. Louis—that's just two hours away—

NICK
To be fair, he's from St. Louis—he moved back. I've read his letters. They're friendly.

MARYBETH
Threatening?

NICK
Friendly.

RAND
We also have Tommy O'Hara. This was only eight years ago in New York. She broke up with him—he got very physical. She filed charges.

NICK
I did not know this.

BONEY
(taking notes)
What was the charge? Sexual assault? Battery? Threat?

RAND
I only know it was bad.

BONEY
OK. Thank you. Anything...recent?

Silence.
56 INT. POLICE STATION MAIN ROOM - DAY

BONEY is walking them out. Reporters are closing in like curious sharks. As RAND and MARYBETH answer a few nibbles, BONEY grabs NICK. A bit clandestine.

BONEY
Got a minute?

57 INT. BONEY’S OFFICE - DAY

In the center of BONEY’s desk sits the ENVELOPE: CLUE ONE.

BONEY
Imagine our confusion: missing persons case, and here we find an envelope marked CLUE.

NICK
For our anniversary Amy always did this treasure hunt-

BONEY
Hoping you can tell me what this means.

NICK
You want to solve my wife’s treasure hunt?

BONEY
It’ll help us track Amy’s movements before she disappeared: Where she went, who she might have seen.

He takes the clue, doubtfully, dreadfully, and reads.

NICK
“Although this spot couldn’t be tighter/it’s a cozy room for my favorite writer” I think I know this.

58 INT. COLLEGE - DAY

NICK and BONEY weave past bored summer-school kids. NICK reaches his office, finds his key, steps over a pile of MAIL.

AMY (V.O.)
After-school meeting? Don’t mind if I do...
59    INT. NICK'S COLLEGE OFFICE - DAY
It's dust mote-y, messy, CRAMPED.

   AMY (V.O.)
   Maybe I'll teach you a thing or two.

The blue ENVELOPE—CLUE TWO—sits in the center of Nick's desk. He gives a glance to BONEY before touching it.

   BONEY
   My guest.

He picks up a pair of SCISSORS that sit next to a MATCHING STAPLER and opens it. Boney reads over his shoulder.

INSERT on note:
   Hey, handsome man—let's go undercover. You be the spy and I'll be his lover. Let's head on over to the little brown house. We'll play hot, doting husband and sweet loving spouse.

BONEY's POV as she pokes around, looks in his file drawer. Unlike Amy's, it has but one file: BOOK IDEAS. The file is empty. On the shelves: the usual Modern Male Canon suspects: Franzen, Lethem, Chabon, Eggers. BONEY's eyes hit the wall.

   BONEY (CONT'D)
   These yours?

BONEY holds a red lacy thong on the end of a pencil.

   BONEY (CONT'D)
   They were on your thermostat.

NICK looks STUNNED. There's a long, painful silence.

   NICK
   You read the clue.

   BONEY
   Randy professor and naughty student! My ex and I just swapped cards.

BONEY slips the undies into an evidence bag. Nick stares, almost mesmerized. Boney nods toward the CLUE.

   BONEY (CONT'D)
   Where next? Where's the little brown house?
NICK
No idea.

This is an obvious stonewall. Boney plucks the CLUE from him.

BONEY
I'll make you a copy.

INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

An ELEGANT SILVER PEN cursive over a diary. Date: October 11, 2009. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
I've sworn never to be one of those wives. I think I've done a pretty good job.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE BEDROOM- PRE-DAWN

AMY in bed, is awakened by rattling of the front door.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE LIVING ROOM- PRE-DAWN

Amy crosses to the door, opens it to see Nick, drunk, disheveled, trying to get his key in. A pause as she stares down at him.

AMY
Hello, handsome.

NICK
I'm a little drunk.

AMY
I see that.

NICK
David and Alex and I ended up-

AMY
(sweetly)
I don't care.

She kisses him. Swipes a finger along his jawline.

AMY (CONT'D)
Body glitter. How fancy of you.

He starts to explain. She kisses him again.
AMY (CONT'D)
Baby, I really don't care.

61
INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE BEDROOM- PRE-DAWN
AMY and NICK, post-sex, in a big Victorian bedroom—BEAUTIFUL.

AMY
Let's swear we will never be like them.

NICK
Who?

Amy makes a sweeping gesture: everyone outside their window.

AMY
Every other couple we know. Wives who treat their men like hapless puppies: to be trained and broken.

Nick knows this game—defining themselves by who they aren't.

NICK
Husbands who treat their wives like eccentric dictators: to be appeased and contained.

AMY
Couples whose conversations revolve around to-do lists.

NICK
Couples—
(pause in game)
I think I may be laid off.
AMY
(shrugging it off)
We’re in a recession. If it happens, we’ll deal with it. We have each other—everything else is background noise.

A huge weight comes off Nick.

NICK
You are...
(don’t say “amazing”...) exceptional.

AMY
You are exceptional.

He brushes his fingers over her lips and kisses her, same as their FIRST KISS. A RITUAL.

AMY (CONT’D)
My turn. My parents’ publisher dropped them. They’re in debt up to their ears.

NICK
Oh no, that’s awful.

AMY
They need to borrow from my trust fund.

NICK
(skeptical)
How much?

AMY
Almost a million.

NICK
That’s almost all.

AMY
This is where you say, “Everything else is background noise.”

NICK
Amy, if I’m laid off and you’re laid off-

AMY
I told them I’d do it.
Nick
Without even talking to me?

Amy
Well it is—

Nick
Your say.

Amy
Their money. Technically.

A hard moment. Nick finally blinks.

Nick
You're right. Everything else is background noise.

She studies him. He puts a finger to his chin: Their old CODE. NO Bullshit.

62 INT. NICK'S CAR - KINKO'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT
Nick hops in the car, slaps a stack of AMY MISSING 8x10s on the passenger seat. Begins driving. As soon as he's out of the lot, he pulls out his DISPOSABLE. MISSED CALL MISSED CALL MISSED CALL. He dials. Voicemail.

63 OMIT - INT. ELLIOT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

64 INT. NICK'S CAR - NORTH CARTHAGE STREETS - NIGHT
Nick
Call me.

Nick drives into a run-down neighborhood. He pulls out CLUE TWO—a Xeroxed COPY—from his pocket.

Amy (VO)
Hey, handsome man/let's go undercover. You be the hero and I'll be his lover. Let's head on over to the little brown house.

65 EXT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT
He pulls up to a BLUE HOUSE. A FOR SALE sign in the yard.
AMY (V.O.)
We'll play hot, doting husband and sweet loving spouse.

INT. BILL DUNNE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

NICK enters; immediately an ALARM starts. Beep. Beep. Beep. He pounds a few buttons. REEK REEK REEK. He dials the alarm company on his cell.

NICK
Hi, my alarm is going off. Nicholas Dunne...it may be under my dad's name, William-

REENK REEK REEK.

NICK (CONT'D)
...my wife's first pet's name? This is so unnecessary. Please don't-

REENK REEK REEK.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm telling you—Wait! Is it Puddles?

Flashing cop lights in the window. NICK hangs up. He spots the next AMY-ENVELOPE, marked CLUE 3, sitting on the kitchen counter. Stuffs it in his back pocket just as BONEY enters.

BONEY
Hello, stranger. Fancy meeting you here.

(into her walkie)
We're good.

The ALARM screeches another three seconds. BONEY sips her giant coffee. The alarm turns off.

BONEY (CONT'D)
Your dad's house, right?

NICK
Are you following me?

BONEY
Why are you here?

NICK
I come by once a week, make sure the place hasn't burnt down.
She starts to nose around.

NICK (CONT’D)
Everything seems fine. I’ll walk you out.

67 EXT. BILL DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Boney shines a flashlight on the house. It’s blue.

BONEY
Thought maybe this was the little brown house. From the clue.

NICK
Still blue.

Nick starts his engine without further ado.

68 INT. NICK’S CAR - NIGHT

NICK pulls up to GO’s. He reads the note.

INSERT ON NOTE: We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
Picture me: I’m a girl who is very bad/I need to be punished and by punished I mean had.

Nothing. He tries to calm himself. Can’t. He slams his fists on the dashboard. Once, twice, three times.

AMY (V.O.)
It’s where you keep goodies for anniversary five.
So open the door—and look alive.

69 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

A pen—Bic, gnarled at the top—cursiving over a DIARY. The date: July 18, 2010. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
Want to test your marriage for weak spots? Add one recession. Subtract two jobs.
70 INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY

She opens drapes, picks up beer cans and old takeout.

     AMY (V.O.)
     It’s surprisingly effective.

71 INT. DEN - DAY

AMY opens the door to reveal NICK in his boxers, beer cans next to him. He’s flipping channels like the remote is a gun. He watches her as she tidies. She sees a shopping bag; starts pulling out the contents: a laptop, Ipod, a dozen PS2 games.

     AMY
     More games?

     NICK
     (eyes on TV)
     I felt I needed to shoot something.

     AMY
     What’s the laptop for?

     NICK
     Laptopping.

She folds her arms. Sighs. A “let’s talk” sigh.

     NICK (CONT’D)
     Right, I forgot. You can give your parents $879,000 without asking me, but god forbid I buy Legend of Zelda without your permission.

     AMY
     You’re spending a lot.

     NICK
     Amy, I know you don’t trust me. You don’t trust my judgment, you don’t trust my intentions—

     AMY
     What are you talking about?

     NICK
     That’s the basic tenet of a prenup, right?

     AMY
     Why are you throwing that in my face again?
NICK
It's easy to throw.

AMY
Nick, I don't get it. It's like you're daring me to be someone I don't want to be. The nagging wife. The controlling bitch. I'm not that person. I'm your wife.

That reaches Nick. A beat. He takes a breath.

NICK
I'm sorry. I just- I've had a job since I was 12. I mowed lawns and dug post holes and flipped burgers. I worked all these shitty jobs so I could go to college, and get a job. I don't know how to not have a job.

AMY
You'll get another-

His cell rings. He lets it.

NICK
—and it's great that we have your money. At least when I had a job. Now it's different. Now: I'm beholden to you.

He checks display and sees who it is. Picks up.

AMY (V.O.)
Suddenly I knew everything was about to get worse.

EXT. DRURY LODGE - MORNING

A CLOSEUP of Amy's photo on a homemade POSTER held by a little girl, hopping out of an SUV. The child drags it through a busy parking lot: Two newsvans, SUVs, station wagons. Women pile out. A strangely festive air: Many wearing red white and blue of the 4th of JULY weekend.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 7, 2012
TWO DAYS GONE
Volunteers transform the dingy ballroom into the Find Amy headquarters. PHONE BANKS plugged in; a GIANT AMY HEADSHOT is hung; DONUTS. A few PHOTOGRAPHERS take shots. It feels like the desperate campaign headquarters of a losing politician.

NICK enters, and FRIENDS and NEIGHBORS rush to WELCOME him. He makes old women blush; he charms the bashful kids of old girlfriends. Lots of hugs. A group of overtanned FORTYSOMETHINGS eye NICK, whispering like girls—their leader, SHAWNA, catches NICK’s eye. NICK smiles, politely. From across the room, GO sees all this and rolls her eyes: Same as always. MARYBETH sees this and IT IS NOTED.

NICK extricates himself and spots BONEY heading to him. He passes DESI COLLINGS, all grown up (and unrecognized). DESI is protectively holding a handful of FLYERS with Amy’s PHOTO. The two exchange a glance as they pass each other.
NICK
(eyeing DESI)
You know that guy?

BONEY
Don't worry, we videotape everyone
who comes in or out of these
things. You tend to get a lot of-

NICK
Do-gooders?

BONEY
Freaks. Hey, meant to ask you:
Noelle Hawthorne?

NICK shrugs: Who?

BONEY (CONT'D)
Lives on your street? Amy's best
friend.

NICK
I have never heard the name Noelle
Hawthorne.

BONEY
She and her husband have triplets?

NICK
Oh! Right. No. Best friend? Amy
doesn't even know her. I mean, to
wave hi, but...no.

At the snack table, a HOMELESS GUY is stealing food. NICK
excuses himself to have words with him as GILPIN sidles up.

BONEY
He acted like Noelle was a complete
stranger.

GILPIN
Of course he did.

NICK hands the homeless guy a bag of bagels to go.

GILPIN CONT'D)
Oh, look, he's being a good guy so
we can all see him be a good guy.

BONEY
You really don't like him.
GILPIN
What’s to like?

Volunteers are dispersing to search sites. Each VOLUNTEER is holding a colored piece of paper with the name of a site on it: FOREST GLEN. RIVERWALK. NICK spots MARYBETH and RAND leaving and is about to head over when he gets another glimpse of DESI—the two lock eyes.

NICK can’t quite place him, but DESI starts moving, and NICK follows, weaving through the crowd. Exits into:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is VACANT. Nick’s DISPOSABLE begins buzzing. He ducks farther down the hall. NICK is picking up just as: SHAWNA peers around the corner. Nick abruptly ends the call.

SHAWNA
Nick? I just wanted to introduce myself. My name’s Shawna Kelly.

Nick nods: thanks. He’s seething at the interruption.

SHAWNA (CONT’D)
I’m so sorry for your...troubles.

NICK
That’s very kind.

He gives her an after-you gesture but she doesn’t budge.

SHAWNA
Are you remembering to eat?

NICK
Lotta cold cuts.

Again: After you.

SHAWNA
I’m going to fix you up my world-famous Chicken Frito Pie.

NICK
That’s very sweet of you and very unnecessary.

He tries again to get past her. He pats her on the arm as a goodbye, she puts her hand on top of his.
SHAWNA
You have to keep up your strength.

She digs through her handbag, grabs a cell. Jams her face against his.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)
Say: Chicken frito pie!

NICK—just wanting to leave—reflexively grins. CLICK. She shows him the photo: The two of them, cheek to cheek, Shawna’s glossed lips pouty. Without context (and even with), the photo is wildly inappropriate, a little sleazy.

NICK
Oh. You know what? That's-please delete that would you?

SHAWNA
It’s a nice photo.

NICK
It’s just not appropriate. Do me the favor, would you?

SHAWNA debates.

NICK (CONT’D)
I’m asking you nicely: Please delete that photo.

NICK tries to lean past her and hit delete. She holds the cell away from him—hey!—he tries to grab it.

SHAWNA
What is wrong with you?

NICK grabs her arm. It’s the first time he seems dangerous.

NICK
You can’t share that with anyone.

SHAWNA
I’ll share it with anyone I like.

SHAWNA scrambles past him, shoots down the hall to the elevator.

SHAWNA (CONT’D)
Asshole.

NICK rests his head against the wall. Breathes.
NICK
Pull it together, Dunne.

INT. DRURY LODGE - DAY
The room is almost empty. GO is waiting, eating a donut.

GO
Marybeth’s pissed.

EXT. SAWYER BEACH - DAY
A small, disgusting sandbar: overflowing trash bins, dirty diapers, a bench covered in obscene graffiti. Volunteers are fanning along the river, searching. A SEARCH DOG is sniffing AMY’S DRESS. NICK walks with MARYBETH.

MARYBETH
It’s like you’re the goddam Homecoming King.

NICK
My mom...it was a big deal to her. That I be polite. Courteous. A gentleman.

MARYBETH
It looked like you were having fun.

NICK
Marybeth, I’m in a nightmare here. I’m just trying to be nice to the people who are trying to find Amy.

MARYBETH
I’m sorry, you’re right.

She tapes a flier to a tree. Sniffs. Looks down.

MARYBETH (CONT’D)
God, this place literally smells like feces. You really came here the morning of your anniversary?

NICK
That’s why I come here. Because no one comes here.
INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

BONEY holds a GIANT COFFEE and a sheath of credit-card statements. Talking to an OFFICER who holds a clipboard.

BONEY
Find any golf clubs, real fancy?

OFFICER
No, nothing like that.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BONEY is peering through Amy's closet and underwear drawer. She pulls out a few undies—nothing racy. Nothing red.

BONEY
How big's their TV? 65 inch?

OFFICER
Nah, nowhere near that.

BONEY
OK. Kibble?

OFFICER
Excuse me?

BONEY
He asked me to feed his cat.

The doorbell rings. And rings and rings: INSISTENT. BONEY speaks into her walkie.

BONEY (CONT'D)
Will you please escort Ms. Hawthorne and her children behind the police line?

The doorbell rings and rings and then stops.

OMIT - INT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

OMIT - EXT. NICK'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER
INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Go is nursing a beer.

ON TV: ELLEN ABBOTT, blow-dried, red-lipped, leather-jacketed, and in a photo box is NICK and his KILLER SMILE.

ELLEN
Look at that pie-eating grin. From a guy whose wife is missing. Kinda weird, dontcha think?

Nick bangs in. Drops his handful of AMY FLYERS. Go TURNS OFF the TV, grabs a beer for him. Both beers are in hand-crocheted cozies.

GO
How're you doing?

He gives a shrug.

GO (CONT'D)
How's Marybeth?

NICK
She's freaked out.

GO
And you?

He waits her out.

GO (CONT'D)
(gently)
Hey. Have you told me everything?

NICK
Of course.

GO
Everything.

NICK
Why would you even say that?

GO
Ever since you walked into the Bar, the morning Amy went missing...you feel...off.

NICK
I am off.

(long pause)
(MORE)
GG - Blue Draft - 8/29/13

NICK (CONT'D)
Go, everyone is studying me,* everyone is projecting their shit * onto me. All I want right now is to * sit with you and drink a beer and * not be judged. Can we please just * do that?*

GO
Of course.*

They drink in silence. Go examines the hand-crocheted yarn * cozie on her beer.

GO (CONT'D)
You know what I keep thinking?

NICK
Wish Mom were here.

GO
Like I’m 12: Mom would fix this.

Go swallows her beer. Nick clearly doesn’t want to talk.

GO (CONT’D)
I’m going to go Benadryl myself to * sleep. Love you.*

NICK
Love you.

82 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

A MISSOURI SOUVENIR PEN cursive across the DIARY. DATE: * September 23, 2010. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
So here’s a strange new sentence: I * am a Missourian.

83 INT./EXT. NICK’S CAR - BROWNSTONE - DAY

Nick and Amy pull away, a MOVING VAN behind them. The * brownstone recedes in the rearview mirror, RAND and MARYBETH * waving goodbye.

AMY (V.O.)
No money, no jobs. And then we * heard from Go. Mama Maureen. Stage * four. Breast cancer. So we moved to * Missouri. I don’t mind. I just * wished he’d asked.
INT./EXT. NICK'S CAR - DUNNE HOUSE - DAY 84
The North Carthage house comes into view. GO and MO wave on the front porch, MO in a CHEMO hat, holding a WELCOME MAT. NICK parks, the MOVING VAN parks behind them.

AMY (V.O.)  
Nick is happy to be home, but I don't know if he's happy I'm with him.

Nick runs to hug GO and MO, completely forgetting AMY.

INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 85
Amy stands in the middle of the future Scene of the Crime as it slowly fills with furniture.

AMY (V.O.)  
I feel like something he loaded by mistake. Something to be jettisoned if necessary. Something disposable.

NICK puts an arm around her, gives her a smile.

AMY (V.O.)  
I feel like I could disappear.

INT. GO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 86
NICK is asleep on the couch. The TV flickers on an old '60s detective show. Just inside his bag, his DISPOSABLE buzzes.

INSERT on DISPLAY: im outside open up.

BUZZ. Nick wakes. BUZZ. Reads. Jumps up. FLINGS the FRONT door open. Just a quiet, dark street. He runs to the BACK DOOR, FLINGS it OPEN: There is ANDIE, 20, a cheerful fuckdoll of a girl. AMY's beautiful; ANDIE's hot. NICK yanks her in.

NICK
Andie, shit!

ANDIE
I saw you on TV. It's so insane. She just vanished?

She wraps herself around one of his arms like a child.

NICK
She's just gone.
ANDIE
I’ve been so worried about you.

NICK
You’re impossible to reach. You gotta pick up when I call you—where the hell have you been?

ANDIE
Rehearsals.

NICK
(absolutely baffled)
What?

ANDIE
Godspell!

Nick can’t believe it. He collapses on the couch. Andie sits next to him. She cuddles into him. Nuzzles his cheek.

NICK
My sister’s asleep. You really shouldn’t be here, Andie.

ANDIE
I needed to see you.

They kiss; she wraps herself around him. Nick pulls away. She kisses him again. He pulls away.

ANDIE (CONT’D)
Can you at least say you love me?

NICK
I love you. But, sweetheart, we have to be real careful right now.

She pulls him toward her.

ANDIE
I’ve been so scared.

NICK
Between rehearsals.

ANDIE
You told me I needed to have my own life.

She places his arms around her. Whispers in his ear.

ANDIE (CONT’D)
I need you. Now. Touch me.
She kisses him again. Soon they're tugging at each other's clothes. She is unbuttoning his pants when NICK rears away. She tries to pull him back. He un-hooks her hands from him.

NICK
I can't. I can't. It's not smart.

Andie rehooks her arms around him. She's invading him like IVY. Nick's not entirely resisting.

NICK (CONT'D)
You haven't told anyone about us, have you? Texting, facebook. Anything that might be...

ANDIE
(pouting)
You buy my presents in cash. You talk to me on a disposable phone. Now you grill me like I'm a criminal. I'm your girlfriend.

NICK
Did you leave a pair of red panties in my office? Lacy?

ANDIE
I don't know. Maybe.
(teasing)
They better be mine.

NICK
Think.

ANDIE
I don't know. I'll have to check my red-panty inventory.

NICK
Baby, I need you to take this seriously. And this is the last time we can see each other until...

Andie is on top of him but now pauses in her invasion.

ANDIE
Until when?

NICK
Until it's safe. Andie, she's my wife.
ANDIE
You told me you were going to get a divorce.

He grabs her by both arms.

NICK
Never say that out loud again.

She stares at his hands until he removes them. Then she takes them and places them back on her. She begins moving his arms like a puppet, from her waist, up to her breasts. She presses her cheek against his so she can whisper.

ANDIE
I don’t want to fight. I just want to be with you. That’s all I want.

She begins kissing him. Then she reclines, still holding his hands on her. She pulls down the top of her sundress, yanks the bottom hem up over her (red) panties, arranges herself like a (soft) porn star. Tugs at his pants.

ANDIE (CONT’D)
The last time you’ll see me. Make the most of it.

87 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

A pen—for a funeral home, gnarled—cursives across the DIARY. DATE: October 2, 2011. We see the words as we hear:

AMY (V.O.)
My husband has come undone.

88 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY

People in black are filing up the sidewalk, women bearing foil-covered casseroles; men bearing bottles of liquor.

89 INT. DUNNE DINING ROOM - DAY

A crowd in black, murmuring, consoling. A table packed with Funeral Food: Butter-roll sandwiches and bread dips. NICK and GO are together, greeting mourners; AMY is off by herself.

AMY (V.O.)
We moved to Missouri to save Maureen, but it turns out we couldn’t.
Nick is at a laptop, looking at his online bank account. As he hears Amy, he switches the screen to his fantasy baseball.

AMY (V.O.)
I used the last of my trust fund to buy him a bar, but so far it's just costing us more money.

Nick is on top of Amy, thrusting into her from behind, a hand in her hair. Mostly dressed: She's in a bathrobe; he's dressed for work.

AMY (V.O.)
Nick uses me for sex when he wants.

Nick pulls off her, kisses her cheek.

AMY (V.O.)
Otherwise, I don't exist.

NICK is primping in front of the mirror.

AMY (V.O.)
Last night, I went from desperate to pathetic. I became someone I don't even like. The kind of woman I used to mock.

AMY
You're out so much. Stay with me.

NICK
I'm already late, Aim.

AMY
Well, then can I come?

NICK
It's just a bunch of dumb high-school buddies.

He kisses her on the cheek. AMY gets in front of the door.

AMY
(thumb to her chin)
Do our code: no bullshit.
NICK
Babe, I thought we weren’t going to
be those people.

He tries to get around her; she blocks him again. Sigh. He
does the CODE, brusquely, as he tries to get past her.

AMY
Hey, I was thinking. Something
positive. Maybe it’s time...

NICK
Now is the worst time.

AMY
It’d be a new start. For us. For
me. I’d have a real purpose here.

He grabs her by the arms, moves her.

NICK
A child is not a hobby, Amy.

He heads downstairs, Amy trailing.

A93 INT. STAIRWAY – NIGHT

AMY
Not a hobby. An inspiration.

93 INT. FOYER – NIGHT

Amy blocks his exit out the front door. A dark moment.

NICK
We could have had this fight four
hours ago.

AMY
I didn’t know it was going to be a
fight.

NICK
You really want to be the couple
who has kids to save our marriage?

AMY
Save?

NICK
Reignite, jump-start, whatever
works for you.
AMY
You said save.

He goes to leave. She puts a hand on the door.

AMY (CONT’D)
You’re really just going to walk out now? You are such a coward.

He grabs her, hard, pushes her from the door.

NICK
Bye.

AMY
We can’t go on like this. I won’t.

NICK
What, this isn’t good enough for Miss Amazing?

AMY
(blocking door again)
It’s not even close to good enough.

SNAP. NICK shakes her, shoves her. She falls and hits her head—HARD—on the newel post. He stands over her, fists clinched...until he takes a breath.

NICK
Shit. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.

He sits beside her, holds her in his arms.

AMY (V.O.)
What scared me wasn’t that he pushed me. What scared me was how much he wanted to hurt me more. What scared me is that I’d finally realized: I am frightened of my own husband.

94 INT. BONEY’S CAR - MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Boney and Gilpin in the vast, empty MALL parking lot.

GILPIN
You sure we don’t need backup?

BONEY
I’ll protect you.
They walk the mall exterior. A SUBURBANITE bursts out a far
door, beelines to a minivan, tucking stash into his jorts.

Frozen escalators, dried fountains. The SKYLIGHT is cracked.
As Boney and Gilpin move toward the giant Dillard’s at the
end, HUMAN BEINGS hide, scuttle. We hear a baby cry.

GILPIN
Someone should burn this place.

A raccoon runs across the hall. They train flashlights on it.

GILPIN (CONT’D)
You really think this is anything?

BONEY
Cross it off the list.

Their flashlights pick up outlines of bodies asleep outside
of closed CLOTHING CHAINS.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Nick Dunne played Little League
with my kid brother.

GILPIN
Yeah?

BONEY
He was nice to him. Not many kids
were nice to my brother.

It’s incredibly TIDY, lit by camp lanterns. PEOPLE drugged or
PASSED out everywhere. Under a sign marked HOME GOODS, two
TEENS in polo shirts are tweaking hard, pushing each other
back and forth robotically, reciting the Gettysburg Address.

TEEN ONE
Now we are engaged in a great civil
war

A group of DEALERS, 30s and 40s, are reclining on sleeping
bags like Boy Scouts, reading paperbacks by flashlight. They
rise to meet BONEY and GILPIN. They’re lean, hardened, but
dressed in cast-off clothes from their former lives: Gamma
Phi Dad’s Weekend 2011, Greenfair Golf Club, Mizzou Tigers.
JASON, the leader, wears a short-sleeve button down. He approaches with a tough face...SMILES when he sees BONEY.

JASON
What's up, Rhonda?

TEEN TWO
testing whether that nation, or any
nation so conceived and so
dedicated-

BONEY
(greeting everyone)
Hi Jason. Kyle. How ya doing, Chad?

TEEN TWO
-can long endure.

They nod greetings. BONEY pulls out a photo of AMY.

BONEY
You seen this girl around here?

JASON squints. LOOKS CLOSER. Puts on a pair of cheap magno-glasses, his eyes turning to giant quarters.

TEEN TWO
We are met on a great battle-field
of that war.

JASON
Why you ask?

TEEN TWO
We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate-

BONEY
This woman was reported missing.

TEEN ONE
"-we cannot hallow this ground..."

JASON
Oh, damn. Yeah, I remember her.

TEEN TWO
The brave men, living and dead, who
struggled here, have consecrated it-

BONEY
Drugs? Pills? What?
TEEN ONE
—far above our poor power to add or
detract.

JASON
She wanted a gun. I told her that’s
not my thing. I felt bad though.
She seemed sweet. And real scared.
Said it needed to be small so she
could keep it close.

TEEN ONE
(from the beginning!)
Four score and seven years ago our
fathers-

BONEY
You sure this is her?

JASON
You don’t forget a girl like that
in here. She was all pink. It was
Valentine’s Day.

98  OMIT - INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - NIGHT

99  INT. GO ‘S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

NICK jerks awake, discovers ANDIE still next to him asleep.
They are both in total DISARRAY.

NICK
(shaking her)
You gotta go, you gotta go now!

He is DRESSING her as he hustles her to her feet...

ANDIE
Promise me we’ll talk every day
from now on. No matter what.

...toward the back door. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

ANDIE (CONT’D)
Every day, Nick. Or I’ll go crazy.

NICK
I’ll call you. Every day. Hurry.

She gives him a KISS that is more meaningful for her
("farewell, my love") than him ("get out"). She leaves. He
shuts the door, leans back...to see GO in the kitchen.
GO
You fucking idiot.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 8, 2012
THREE DAYS GONE

GO (CONT'D)
You fucking asshole. You liar. You fucking lied to my fucking face.

NICK
Go. I’m sorry, I-

GO
How old is she?

NICK
Twenty.

GO
How long?

Pause.

NICK
A year. Little over.

GO
You’ve been lying to me for over a year.

NICK
If I told you, you’d convince me to stop. And I didn’t want to stop.

GO
God, it’s so fucking small. You’re a liar and a cheat. Just like Dad.

Nick flinches. Go sees the punch land and deflates a bit, sits down at the kitchen table.

GO (CONT’D)
How’d you even meet her?

NICK
She was one of my students.

GO
I thought writers hated clichés.

NICK
I’m not a writer anymore.
GO
Oh, wah, boohoo, I got laid off, I guess I’ll fuck a 20-year-old.

NICK
It wasn’t like that.

GO gives a look: explain.

NICK (CONT’D)
I can’t tell you how bad it was. How shitty and small she made me
feel all the time. Flyover Boy. I came home every day, and my stomach
would hurt, because I knew she’d be there...dissatisfied. And then
every morning, first row, Andie.
Just...made me happy.

GO
Amy once made you happy.

NICK
Amy made me better. She made me
work—to be clever and thoughtful
and cultured. Andie let me be.

GO
This is so bad. If the cops find
out-

NICK
It’s worse. Boney found a pair of
panties in my office. Where Andie
and I sometimes...I can’t figure
out what the fuck they mean.

GO
Are they Supertwat’s?

NICK
Andie. She wasn’t sure.

GO
So we’re dealing with a 20-year-old
who isn’t sure where she leaves her
undies.

NICK
She’s a free-

GO
Free spirit is code for stupid.
NICK
If they're not Andie's, then Amy left them there for me to find. A message.

GO
Rekindle the romance-

NICK
Or: fuck you.

Nick still isn’t snapping to.

GO
Nick? I was scared for you before. Now...I’m fucking petrified. We’re having a vigil tonight for your missing wife and this morning you’re kissing your college girlfriend goodbye. Can you imagine-have you watched TV lately?

She turns on the TV, begins flipping through the DVR. She has a pile of Ellen Abbott Live episodes in her queue.

GO (CONT’D)
Ellen Abbott is all over your shit.

On TV: Ellen Abbott, blow-dried, angry, is hosting.

ELLEN
I mean, what is wrong with this barkeep. His wife is missing and here’s Nick Dunne for you. Flirting.

ON TV: Shawna Kelly photo: Nick and Shawna cheek to cheek. It looks more lurid without context.

GO
Who the hell is that?

Nick stares: Fuck!

GO (CONT’D)
Who the fuck is that?

Go is almost as livid as Ellen.

NICK
Some tragedy groupie.
ELLEN
Cute pic, huh? You know, most men if their wives are missing, they look for them. On the show today, we have defense attorney Tanner Bolt, patron saint to wife killers everywhere. Tanner Bolt, would you actually consider defending Nick Dunne?

NICK
Oh, god, please.

TANNER BOLT, 40s: a potent mix of gravitas and showmanship.

TANNER
Thank you, Ellen, as always, for such a warm welcome. And of course I'd defend Nick Dunne. Look, just because the guy isn't weeping, doesn't mean he's not hurting.

ELLEN
Tanner! The hallmark of a sociopath is lack of empathy.

TANNER
The fact is, you'd have to be a sociopath to behave normally in this situation. Because it's the most abnormal situation in the world.

ELLEN
Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me, Tanner. Are you trying to tell me that this photo is remotely in the realm of acceptable behavior?

TANNER
You are making an awfully big deal about one snapshot-

ELLEN
A picture is worth a thousand words, Tanner Bolt. Ever heard that phrase?

TANNER
Innocent until proven guilty, Ellen. Heard that one?

NICK hits pause, just as Ellen opens her giant, spewing MAW.
NICK
I'm so sick of being picked apart by women.

GO
You need to hire Tanner Bolt.

NICK
I don't deserve that.

GO
Oh that's exactly what you deserve. Go home, Nick.

100 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

101 INT. KITCHEN - DAY
NICK walks into kitchen, past the NOW REMOVED BASEBOARD where the blood was. He sifts through the freezer. Ignores containers with Amy's handwriting: EAT YOUR VEGGIES! He grabs the ice cream. Eats a spoonful as he looks out the window and sees: Cops are bagging Nick's trash. A COP waves to Nick. Nick waves back.

102 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME
A pen—blood red ink—cursives across the DIARY. The date: February 14, 2012. We see the words as we hear:

AMY
For Valentine's Day, I thought I'd buy a gun. That's how crazy I've become.

103 INT. DUNNE BATHROOM - DAY
AMY is soaking in the tub when she opens her eyes to see Nick: standing in the doorway. He turns heel.

AMY (V.O.)
Nick wants me gone but he won't ask for a divorce. In his mind, I'm the owner of his bar, his only line of credit, the girl with the pre-nup.
104  INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy wakes up, turns to find Nick watching her.

AMY (V.O.)
I could go home to my parents but
I’d have to tell them the truth.
And I don’t even know if I believe
the truth.

105  INT. DUNNE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Amy untucks the bed, removes the pillows, gets in.

AMY (V.O.)
Can I really think Nick would hurt
me? I’m being paranoid. Crazy.

She sits in bed and watches the door.

AMY
I’d just sleep better with a gun.

106  INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

BONEY is meeting with Gilpin and Donnelly. TV is MUTE on the
Ellen Abbott-Nick Dunne show, with the SHAWNA photo.

GILPIN
I cannot believe we haven’t
arrested this guy.

BONEY
We’re not going to arrest anybody
just ‘cause Ellen Abbott says so.

GILPIN
Why are you so easy on him? You got
a crush?

BONEY
One: I’m conducting an
investigation, not a witch hunt.
Two: Don’t talk to me that way.

GILPIN
She was trying to buy a gun!

BONEY
We don’t know who or what was
scaring her. Give me the update.
GILPIN
(sulky)
No drug angle has panned out. Cross that off the list. I talked to the nurses who care for Nick’s dad. Guy’s a bastard but he’s weak as a kitten. Cross that off the list.

Donnelly starts a VIDEO: It’s NICK’s KITCHEN, in dark. SLOWLY, the area begins glowing like a neon Jackson Pollock: 
Wild sprays of blood all over the wall.

DONNELLY
The Luminol lit up the kitchen like the Fourth of July. The blood is profuse and it is Amy’s type. B. We’ll have DNA soon.

BONEY
Thoughts on a weapon?

DONNELLY
(pointing on his photo)
The trajectory indicates blunt force. Probably not a baseball bat. A club, a 2 by 4.

THE VIDEO pans to the FLOOR: we can see a handprint that is smeared along the floor, as if the owner were being dragged.

DONNELLY (CONT’D)
She fell here. I doubt she got back up.

BONEY
Amy’s medical records?

GILPIN
Any second.

On the TV comes a wedding portrait of NICK and AMY.

GILPIN (CONT’D)
My wife says he killed her.

BONEY
Well, if Tiffany says.

107 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Nick exits the bar, and walks across the street, up the long steps, toward the VIGIL for AMY.
The park glows under camera lights. JOURNALISTS practice live shots. The LOCAL newsvan are joined by a HALF DOZEN REGIONAL—Arkansas, Tennessee, Illinois—and a few CABLE. NICK is besieged by reporters all the way to the platform. RAND and MARYBETH give him cool, for-the-camera hugs.

BONEY is scanning the crowd, GILPIN with her. Hundreds of CANDLES. GO enters. Gets a CANDLE. She and Nick catch each other's eye. NICK gives a huge, relieved smile. She returns it, at a slightly lower volume. NICK is ushered to the mike.

NICK
My wife, Amy Elliott Dunne, has been missing now for three days. I beg anyone who has any information to help us.

AMY stares at NICK from a 100 FIND AMY T-shirts.

NICK (CONT'D)
I want to thank you all for giving me the opportunity to speak with you tonight in my hometown. Let me first say this: I had nothing to do with the disappearance of my wife. I am cooperating fully with the police. I have never hired a lawyer. I have nothing to hide. Some so-called journalists—especially a certain Southern belle who shall remain nameless—have taken up a lot of TV hours talking about me. Tonight? I think it's time we talk about my wife.

A scan of the crowd, dipping in on conversations:

FRIEND ONE
He's hot.

FRIEND TWO
He's creepy.

NICK (O.S.)
Amy is my soul mate. She is sweet, charming and wise. I love you, Amy...

Scanning the crowd, NICK suddenly meets eyes with ANDIE, as:
ANDIE
(mouthing)
Asshole!

NICK
I love my wife. I may not always perform for the cameras. I may be punished for that. That’s fine. But I ask the media: Harass me, but don’t harass the people of this town.

A few claps. NOELLE HAWTHORNE, visibly pregnant, ANGRY, begins cutting through the CANDLE-LIT crowd, towing TRIPLETS.

NOELLE
Nick!

NICK
Mock me, but please don’t make a circus of this investigation.

NOELLE is moving quickly. A lot of CLAPPING. Noelle, furious, stops trying to reach the stage and just digs in and hollers.

NOELLE
Where’s your wife, Nick!?

NICK
Let the police do their jobs.

NOELLE
What did you do to your pregnant wife?!

The cameras and crowds are off NICK and on to NOELLE.

NICK
Let’s find...

NOELLE
Did you tell them that, Nick? Did you tell them Amy was six weeks pregnant!

Pregnant pregnant pregnant echoes across the park. NICK is trapped in the flash of a hundred bulbs. JOURNALISTS begin screaming: NICK, was AMY pregnant? NICK is this true? GO stands stunned, melting wax dripping from her candle. ANDIE runs away in tears. PANDEMONIUM. TOTAL CHAOS. BONEY and GILPIN usher NICK into a SQUAD CAR, fending off the push of the media. BONEY signals the driver: Go, go, go!
INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The curtains glow with the rays of the TV lights outside. We hear BONEY’s name being called by the reporters.

BONEY (O.S.)
Stay behind the line, please. Do not cross this line.

NICK opens the door pre-doorbell: ushers in BONEY and GILPIN. The JOURNOS go wild. DOOR SHUT.

BONEY (CONT’D)
Did you know your wife was pregnant?

NICK
Noelle Hawthorne is crazy! She doesn’t even know Amy!

Boney ushers him to the table. Boney sprays a dozen photos across it: AMY and NOELLE. All seasons—almost a YEAR’s worth.

BONEY
They look like pretty good friends to me.

Nick examines the photos: a BEAMING, CHEERFUL AMY.

NICK
(still staring at photos)
She’s not pregnant.

BONEY
We have her medical records coming... So let’s talk. While we wait. We’ll start with... here... scene of the crime. See, we’ve seen dozens of home invasions-

GILPIN
Dozens and dozens and dozens.

BONEY
This area? Looked wrong. From the second we saw it. The whole thing looked staged. I mean, watch this.

She STANDS, points at three slender antique frames on the mantelpiece. She stomps; they all immediately fall face down.
BONEY (CONT'D)
Yet they remained upright throughout a life and death struggle?

NICK
What do you want me to say...

GILPIN
You do any housekeeping the day your wife went missing?

NICK
No.

BONEY
OK, because our guys did a Luminol test, and I'm sorry to tell you, the kitchen lit up. Amy lost a lot of blood there. A lot.

NICK
Oh my god.

BONEY
And then someone mopped it up.

NICK
Wait. If someone were staging a crime scene, why mop up blood?

BONEY
(too patiently)
No blood and no body suggests kidnapping—which tells us to look at people outside the house.

GILPIN
Like the homeless you keep mentioning.

BONEY
A pool of blood and no body suggests homicide. Which tells us to look at people inside the house. Which is what we're doing here.

A beat. NICK tries to keep his cool.

BONEY (CONT'D)
So. How was your marriage, Nick? Right now, all we got is Noelle.
GILPIN
And she says: Not good.

BONEY
Gil, what do you and your wife argue about? What pisses you off?

GILPIN
Money. Lack thereof.

BONEY
Me and my ex, same. I mention it because we've had a look at your finances, Nick. Phew!

She scatters a dozen CREDIT CARD BILLS across the table: all with NICK's NAME, all marked LATE. PAY NOW.

BONEY (CONT'D)
One hundred and seventeen thousand dollars in credit-card debt in the past year alone.

NICK
Let me see those!

Nick scans the bills.

BONEY
We pulled up some of the merchandise. Fun little splurges.

She sets out print-outs of ONLINE purchase pages: the TV, GOLF CLUBS Boney was asking about in inventory. Also a ROBOT DOG, and a FENDER ELECTRIC GUITAR.

NICK
Jesus! This is identity theft or something! These cards aren't mine. I mean: I don't even golf!

BONEY
I do. You bought some great clubs.

GILPIN
I like the robot dog.

BONEY
Let's talk about life insurance.

NICK
Wait, we need to look into this-
BONEY
In April, you bumped up Amy’s life insurance to $1.2 million.

NICK
That was Amy’s idea!

BONEY
You filed the paperwork.

NICK
For her! Jesus!

BONEY’s cell phone rings. She picks up. They all wait.

BONEY
OK. OK. For sure? OK.
(hanging up)
Pregnant.

NICK wails, grabs his highball glass, throws it at the wall.

BONEY (CONT’D)
So my question becomes—

NICK
I think I need a lawyer.

Gilpin can’t help but smirk at Boney.

A110 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - LATER

GO fights her way through the bramble of media—every crew from the vigil and MORE trying to get a react, provoking: GO, is your brother a killer? She finally makes it through, FLIPS off a nasty cameraman (this footage will come to haunt her).

110 INT. NICK’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick is on the phone, Go follows his voice into his room.

NICK (O.S.)
Rand...No.

Nick registers Go with a nod.

NICK (CONT’D)
I had no idea she was pregnant. I’m shocked...Look, the fact of the matter is Amy didn’t want kids. I was as surprised as you were—
Nick stares at phone: Rand hung up.

GO
You told me you didn’t want kids.

NICK
I was trying to put a good face on.

GO
You told me, many times, you didn’t want kids. Then suddenly you have a pregnant wife. That’s a problem for you. Especially when you add in huge debt and secret girlfriend.

NICK
Stop watching Ellen Abbott.

GO
You have to fucking talk to me!

NICK’s DISPOSABLE rings. And rings and rings. Then silence.

NICK
Look, Amy didn’t want me to tell you—just another reason for you to dislike her. So it was easier to-

GO
Lie to me. Right.

NICK
I wanted kids. We’d been trying. No luck. When we moved back here, way back when, we even went to a fertility clinic.

GO
It didn’t work?

NICK
She didn’t even try! I did my part-

GO
Masturbate.

NICK
—and when it came time for her...Oh, she’s decided no. Not interested after all. No thanks.

GO
I just don’t believe you, anymore.
He disappears into the closet. Returns with a shoe box. Pulls out sheet marked NOTICE of DISPOSAL.

NICK
A year later, I get this.

NICK (CONT'D)
The clinic is going to toss out my...deposit, if we don’t contact them. I gave her the letter. Next day I see it in the trash.

GO
You were with Andie by then, right?

NICK
I wanted a baby with Amy! Amy. A year ago, Amy being pregnant, that would have been the best news ever.

He kicks the SHOEBOX across the room. The papers from the shoebox scatter across the floor. GO picks up a BLUE note.

GO
(reciting)
"When your poor Amy has a cold, this dessert just must be-" This is the clue you couldn’t solve, right?

He shrugs. She pulls out a letter on posh stationery.

GO (CONT’D)
A letter from Desi? That creepy boyfriend of Amy’s?

NICK
The adoring rich guy who’d still do anything for her. It’s fucking wrong.

She holds up another document.

GO
Your prenup?

She sets the box down, backs away.

GO (CONT’D)
Nick, why have you kept this stuff? It’s like a little box of hate.

NICK
I did, Go. I hated her.
GO
I love you. No matter what. But you need to tell me.

NICK
What are you asking, Go?

She exits, heads down the steps.

NICK (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
Are you actually asking me if I murdered my wife, Go?

GO
(dissolving)
I would never ask you that.

She leaves; we hear her name erupt from media outside.

111 EXT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

112 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Boney heads to basement door, Gilpin trailing, ANNOYED.

BONEY
Why was he here that night? His wife is missing—why come here?

GILPIN
Who cares, Rhonda? We got this. Let's make the arrest.

BONEY
You know how hard it is to make a murder case without a body? It's incredibly difficult. So I want one last thing...

GILPIN
What's that?

113 INT. BILL DUNNE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

They reach the basement. Dirt floor. Giant whooshing furnace.

BONEY
I want a body.
114 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT
The final TV vans begin pulling away.

115 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Nick stares at the FINAL CLUE. He writes key words—GIRL, BAD, PUNISHED, GOODIES, FIVE, OPEN THE DOOR as we hear Amy.

    AMY (V.O.)
    Picture me: I'm a girl who is very bad/I need to be punished and by punished I mean had/It's where you keep goodies for anniversary five So open the door—and look alive.

116 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME
A pen—OBGYN with a stork—cursive across the DIARY. July 5, 2012. We see the words as we hear:

    AMY (V.O.)
    I'm not going to be scared anymore.

117 INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - DAY
She is looking through cabinets, finds a jar marked with her writing: EAT YOUR BEANS! She pulls out a lentil.

    AMY (V.O.)
    I thought our marriage was dead and then—the most wonderful thing. Our baby is six weeks in my belly today. The size of a lentil. (tucks lentil in pocket) So for the baby's sake, I'm going to be positive from now on. Sane. Happy.

118 INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY
We FINALLY pull up and see AMY. Holding the STORK PEN.

    AMY (V.O.)
    I will practice believing my husband loves me and will love this baby. That this child really might save our marriage.
She looks out the window and sees NICK as we first saw him, standing in the yard, watching the SUNRISE. He turns and heads toward the house with those purposeful strides.

AMY (V.O.)
But I could be wrong.

119 INT. NICK’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK is frantically scribbling. Copying words from the note: Wood. Oak, Maple. Cradle? Where store wood? PUNISH? He rises. His face is TWISTED.

AMY (V.O.)
Because sometimes, the way he looks at me?

120 INT. BILL DUNNE’S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Boney, on her hands and knees, looks up and sees the FLAME of the furnace light, the door AJAR.

AMY (V.O.)
I think: Man of my dreams-

121 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - NIGHT

NICK hustles to the treeline, begins RUNNING.

AMY (V.O.)
-father of my child:

122 INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

We see Amy close the diary, see the cover finally.

AMY (V.O.)
This man of mine may kill me.

123 INT. BILL DUNNE’S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

BONEY frowns into the furnace. She pulls out the DIARY.

124 EXT. GO’S HOUSE - NIGHT

NICK runs behind the house, toward a decrepit old WOODSHED. DOOR opens onto NICK’s face.
AMY (V.O.)
He may truly kill me.

A sick realization dawns on NICK.
OH man oh god oh man oh god oh man oh god oh man

BLACK SCREEN

AMY (V.O.)
I’m so much happier now that I’m dead.

FADE IN TO:

125 INT. AMY’S FESTIVA – DAY

AMY is breezing down the highway, picture of freedom, hair flowing in the wind. On the seat next to her, all the PENS from her DIARY entries wobble. Amy grabs the pen from the first DIARY entry—PINK, feathered, silly—and snaps it in two.

AMY (V.O.)
Technically, missing. Soon to be presumed dead.

126 EXT. HIGHWAY – DAY

The Festiva zips past a sign: LEAVING NORTH CARTHAGE: Ya’ll Come Back Now! The broken PINK pen hits it like gunshot.

AMY
Gone.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 5, 2012
11:17 A.m.
THE MORNING OF

127 INT. AMY’S FESTIVA – DAY

Amy’s FOREARM is bandaged like a blood donor’s.

AMY
I am gone and my lazy, lying, cheating, oblivious husband will go to prison for my murder.

A CLOSEUP of a To Do List; FUCK NICK DUNNE. Next to each item is a checkbox. We scan down to ITEM 133: GET RID OF PENS. Amy looks into her rearview as North Carthage fades away.
AMY (V.O.)

Nick Dunne took my pride and my dignity and my hope and my money.

Amy grabs the AMAZING AMY WEDDING pen and snaps it.
He took and took from me until I no longer existed. That's murder. Let the punishment fit the crime.

A scroll down Amy's to-do list, which is aged: wrinkles, coffee splottes, a single drop of blood. It is in three columns, 154 items long, in chronological order. On July, 5, 2012, in the largest block letters it reads: KILL AMY.

128 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY
Amy surrounded by true-crime books, watching ELLEN ABBOTT.

AMY (V.O.)
To fake a convincing murder you have to have discipline.

A129 EXT. FOREST GLEN - DAY
AMY is talking to an outraged, attentive NOELLE as they walk.

AMY (V.O.)
You befriend an idiot and cram her with stories about your husband’s temper.

129 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - NIGHT
We see Amy on her laptop, a scattering of credit cards—all in Nick’s name nearby. On the website of an UPSCALE GADGET store: ROBOT DOG is featured. She clicks: ADD TO CART.

AMY (V.O.)
You create some money troubles.

130 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY
Nick’s watching TV; Amy has him sign papers. He barely looks.

AMY (V.O.)
You bump up your life insurance.

131 EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY
Amy is joining a VISIBLY PREGNANT NOELLE on a powerwaddles. They run into another PREGNANT woman; NOELLE and the woman compare bellies.
AMY (V.O.)
And then you realize the piece de resistance your story was missing.

A third woman smiles approvingly as she passes. Amy is assessing the situation with her expert eye.

AMY
America loves pregnant women. As if it's so hard to spread your legs. You know what is hard? Faking a pregnancy.

132 INT. AMY OFFICE - DAY
Amy is following the steps on youtube: HOW to DRAIN a TOILET.

AMY (V.O.)
First drain your toilet.

133 OMIT - EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - DAY
134 OMIT - INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY
135 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - DAY
A pitcher of LEMONADE with two large glasses sits on the table. NOELLE, embarrassed, is peering out of bathroom.

AMY
Invite pregnant idiot for lemonade.

136 INT. DUNNE DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT
Amy, hands in dish gloves, dips a LADLE into the toilet.

AMY (V.O.)
Steal pregnant idiot's urine.

137 INT. DOC OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY
Amy pours URINE from the jar into SPECIMEN cup.

AMY (V.O.)
Voila. A pregnancy is now part of your legal medical record.

She looks in the mirror and practices receiving the GOOD news. Then she STEALS a handful of NEEDLE CATHETERS.
AMY swaps cash-for-keys with a couple, the wife holds a baby.

AMY (V.O.)
Buy getaway car.

AMY (V.O.)
Stage crime scene.

She examines the room’s disarray. Good. As she leaves, she notices the picture FRAMES face down and rights them.

AMY (V.O.)
You need to bleed.

She consults her FORENSICS FOR DUMMIES: blood spatter. She dips fingers into her pooling blood, flings her hands toward the baseboard. Exact MATCH from the book. She does it again.

She begins fingerpainting the floor with her blood. She removes the needle and tapes her wound. She mops the blood on the floor with the paper towels. Wipes the blood from the baseboard except the specks BONEY saw. Ziplocs the towels.

AMY (V.O.)
You need to clean.

AMY (V.O.)
You need a diary! Minimum two hundred and seventy two entries on the Nick and Amy story.

(MORE)
AMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Start with the fairytale early
days—those are true and those are
crucial. You want Nick and Amy to
be likable. After that, you invent:
The spending, the abuse, the fear,
the pregnancy, the murder. And Nick
thought he was the writer.

143 INT. BILL DUNNE’S BASEMENT - NIGHT
Amy is delicately staging the diary inside the furnace.

AMY (V.O.)
Burn it just the right amount.

144 INT. BILL DUNNE’S KITCHEN - NIGHT
Amy changes the code on the alarm, smiling.

AMY (V.O.)
Make sure the cops will find it.

145 EXT. GO’S WOODSHED - DUSK
Amy smiling into the woodshed.

AMY (V.O.)
Finally, honor tradition with a
very special treasure hunt.

146 INT. FESTIVA - DAY
Amy drives along the river, watching it.

AMY (V.O.)
The world will hate Nick for
killing his beautiful, pregnant
wife. And when I’m ready, I’ll go
out on the ocean with a handful of
pills and a couple of stones. If
they find my body, they’ll know-

147 INT. WATER - DAY
Splash. Amy’s body cuts through the water feet-first. She’s
bound but already the binds are unraveling. One arm comes
loose and it trails along lazily behind her as if she’s
waving goodbye. Her hair flows behind her, her dress swirls
around her waist like it’s made of watercolor.
AMY (V.O.)
 That Nick dumped his beloved like garbage, and she floated down past all the other abused, unwanted, inconvenient women.

Amy's body floats, ghostly, past several other female bodies in varying states of decay. Snails are barnacled to her legs, fish dart in and out of her hair like it's seaweed.

AMY (V.O.)
 Then Nick will die too.

148 OMIT - EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT
149 OMIT - EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT
150 OMIT - INT. GO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

151 EXT. GAS STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY
The Festiva is parked in an empty lot.

152 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY
AMY looks at herself in the warped gas-station mirror.

AMY (V.O.)
 Nick and Amy will be gone. But we never really existed.

TITLE CARD:
JULY, 5, 2012
1:17 PM
TWO HOURS GONE

From her plastic bag, she removes SCISSORS and begins angrily sawing off her hair.

AMY (V.O.)
 Nick loved a girl I was pretending to be. Cool Girl. Men always use that as the defining compliment, don't they? She's a cool girl.

She unpacks hair DYE, dons the dye gloves, SQUIRTS.
AMY (V.O.)
Cool Girl is fun. Cool Girl is game. Cool Girl is hot.

Dye packed on her head, Amy deposits the long blonde hair cuttings into a Ziploc marked AMY HAIR. She eats a candy bar.

AMY (V.O.)
Cool Girl never gets angry at her man.

She sheds her tight jeans, SIZE 2, and her Spanx, refastens her MONEYBELT and puts on a sundress, SIZE 8, her extra flesh filling it easily. She shampoos her hair, rinses, brushes.

AMY (V.O.)
She only smiles in a chagrined, loving manner and then presents her mouth for fucking. Go ahead! Cum on me! I don't mind, I'm Cool Girl.

INT. FESTIVA - AFTERNOON

Amy drives past a caravan of twentysomethings: Different girls peer out at her, DISMISSIVE. One GIRL is flowy-haired, BOHO, a second is ROCKBILLY cute, a third is SHOPGIRL HOT.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 5, 2012
4:17 PM
FIVE HOURS GONE

AMY (V.O.)
The window dressing varies. The personality's the same. Cool Girl likes what he likes and puts him first and does it all with a fucking smile.

EXT. FESTIVA - LATE AFTERNOON

Driving SOUTH. The trees get lush.

AMY (V.O.)
I waited years for the pendulum to swing the other way, for men to read Jane Austen and make out with each other while we leer. And then we'd say, yeah, he's a cool guy.

The Missouri Souvenir PEN hits another sign: Lake of the Ozarks 89 miles. Amy eats Chili Fritos, drinks a pop.
AMY (V.O.)
I will admit: For someone who likes to win, it's tempting to be the girl every guy wants.

The forest surrenders to a glowing Walmart. Amy pulls in.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 5, 2012,
6:17 PM
SEVEN HOURS GONE

AMY (V.O.)
When I met Nick I knew he wanted Cool Girl. For him, I was willing to try. I wax-striped my pussy raw and blew him regularly. I drank bourbon and bantered. I laughed at my mistakes. I made fun of myself. I was game.

155 INT. WALMART - LATE AFTERNOON
Amy examines sheets; grudgingly adds 300 count to her cart, along with toiletries, swimsuit, cleaning items, tampons.

AMY (V.O.)
Nick teased things out in me I didn't know existed: A lightness, a humor, an ease. And I made him smarter, sharper. I inspired him to rise to my level. I forged the man of my dreams.

156 INT. FESTIVA - LATE AFTERNOON
Driving farther—a sign for Lake of the Ozarks, 10 miles. The roads get smaller and smaller, til we hit gravel.

AMY (V.O.)
We were happy pretending to be other people. We were the happiest couple we knew.

157 EXT. HIDEAWAY CABINS - SUNSET
AMY pulls in.
INT. HIDEAWAY LOBBY - SUNSET

From her MONEYBELT, AMY pulls $200 cash, receives her key.

AMY (V.O.)
But Nick got lazy. He became
someone I did not agree to marry.

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

She grabs her bags and heads inside, barely noticing: GRETA, 20s, smoking. GRETA notices AMY—or at least all her STUFF.

AMY (V.O.)
And he actually expected me to love
him unconditionally.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

It's a one-room studio. Not shabby-chic but shabby-kitsch.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 5, 2012
9:17 PM
TEN HOURS GONE

AMY (V.O.)
Then he dragged me, penniless, to
the navel of the country and found
himself a newer, younger, easier
Cool Girl.

She tests faucets, opens and closes blinds, sets down shelf paper, strips the bedclothes and puts on her new sheets.

AMY (V.O.)
You think I would let him destroy
me and end up happier than ever?
No. Never. He doesn't get to
fucking win.

INT. CABIN BATHROOM - NIGHT

She enters the bathroom. Stares at her reflection. She is
sunburnt from the day. TRANSFORMED.

AMY (V.O.)
He needs to learn. Grown-ups work
She looks under the sink: a tool box. She takes out a hammer, sizes up her cheek, HITS herself, once, twice.

A162 EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT

NICK finally stands; strides to Go's back door. She opens.

NICK
I need to show you something.

B162 EXT. WOODSHED - NIGHT

Inside sits: the GOLF clubs, the ROBOT dog, the TV—everything on "Nick's" credit cards. GO takes a shocked step back.

GO
Is that all the stuff from the credit cards?

NICK
Go. Go! Amy's last clue: "Where you store goodies for anniversary five." Wood.

GO
Woodshed.

NICK
Your woodshed.

GO
That fucking bitch.
(pause)
Where's your gift?

162 INT. GO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

NICK sets a giant box with a BLUE ENVELOPE on the table. GO opens the ENVELOPE. BIG HEART on it with the words THE END. *

GO
Dear Husband,
I know you think you're moving through this world unseen.
Don't believe that for a second.

NICK gingerly opens the box. Inside are two giant WOODEN PUPPETS: a MALE in motley, holding a CLUB, and a FEMALE.
I know where you've been—and I know where you're going.

Attached to the female puppet is a BABY.

For this anniversary, I've arranged a trip: follow the river, up up up! So sit back and relax.

NICK drops into a chair.

Because you are DONE.
(pause)
What's up-upriver?

Up the river: prison.

Fucking crazy bitch.

She's framing me for her murder.

You are married to a psychopath.

The morning of our anniversary, I was going to ask her for a divorce. I just couldn't fake my way through another year. Not another day.

What happened?

Before I could say a word, she told me to go somewhere and "really think" about our marriage. She knew I'd go to Sawyer.

He picks up the female puppet—she's missing her handle.

So you'd have no alibi.
NICK
(taking it in)
She stage managed me! I really did
go and think about our marriage and
I was really sure I wanted a
divorce.

GO
But by the time you got home-

NICK
She was gone. And god help me, the
darkest, worst part of me was
relieved. My problem was solved.

GO
Your problem is just beginning.

He looks at the club Punch is holding.

NICK
They’re Punch and Judy! That old
puppet show?

Go grabs her laptop, plugs in words.

GO
Violent, right?

ON SCREEN: a woodcutting of PUNCH beating JUDY to death.

GO (CONT’D)
(reading)
Punch kills their baby. And then
beats Judy to death.

NICK
Amy got pregnant, I got angry,
killed her and the baby.

GO
What’s the punchline?

NICK
Does Missouri have the death
penalty?

She flips the page: AUGUST 5: NICK ARRESTED?

Flips the page SEPTEMBER 5: In bright red ink, writes: KILL SELF?

Flips the page OCTOBER 5: In bright red ink: KILL SELF?

NOVEMBER 5: In bright red ink: KILL SELF?

She takes down a poster of a kitten hanging from a tree: HANG IN THERE! Tosses the poster, hangs her calendar.

TITLE CARD:
July 6, 2012
ONE DAY GONE

AMY exits in a new, halting gait: brave but damaged. Swimsuit under shorts. GRETA is sitting outside, as always, smoking. GRETA looks up.

GRETA
Hey, neighbor!

AMY smiles a hello. Her BRUISE is coming in nicely.

GRETA (CONT’D)
God, it's been weeks since I've had anyone decent next door.

AMY
I don't know how decent I feel.

GRETA
Long as you don't own a python and blast death metal at 4am, we're gonna be best friends.

She offers a cigarette and Amy declines. Starts walking away. * Greta follows, like an coyote on the scent.

GRETA (CONT’D)
I'm Greta.
AMY
Nancy.

GRETA
Going to the marina? I could use some milk.

AMY
Sorry, I gotta...take care of some work.

A165 EXT. POOL - DAY

Amy floats blissfully alone in the swimming pool, a pack of chips resting on her belly.

165 INT. LOBBY BUSINESS CENTER - DAY

One lone old computer whirs laboriously in the corner: Amy waits for the Internet connection to pull up the Ellen Abbott site: We see Nick getting his photo taken at the press conference. NICK looking annoyed...

TITLE CARD:
JULY 7, 2012
TWO DAYS GONE

AMY
Come on, baby, let's see it. Let's see that Darling Nicky smile.

Then Nick flashing his grin. Amy lets out a thrilled squeal.

AMY (CONT'D)
Asshole.

Then to: findamazingamy.com. AMY's photo next to CARTOON AMAZING AMY, wearing a FIND AMY T-shirt, with Amy's PHOTO. She snaps off the computer.

166 EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

Amy, one-pieced, is floating alone in the pool, a family-sized Kit-Kat on her belly.

GRETA (O.S.)
Hey, girl!
Amy doesn't even look up.

TITLE CARD:
JULY 8, 2012
THREE DAYS GONE

GRETA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nancy!
(pause)
Nancy!

Amy looks up to see Greta, bikini-ied, arrive. She's trapped. Greta waves. Greta gets in and floats over, her pack of cigs balanced on her tiny belly.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Hot day.

Amy murmurs a yes. Greta studies her. Amy turns away.

GRETA (CONT’D)
So where're you from? Lemme guess.
(she assesses)
Nebraska.

Knife through heart!

AMY
New Orleans.
GRETA frowns at this. JEFF, 30s, rangy but cute, walks past, waves hello. GRETA waves back, flirty.

JEFF
I'm an expert oiler!

GRETA
I just bet you are!

JEFF
Hate for you to get tan lines.

GRETA
So sweet!

She watches him trail off. And then back to Amy.

GRETA (CONT'D)
(motioning to Amy's bruise)
See we have the same taste in men.

AMY
Ran into a door.

GRETA
Come on, least you can do is not keep his secret for him.

Amy says nothing. Greta gives her a cigarette.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Lemme guess: He was trying to watch the game and you were yapping about your day and you just didn’t know when to shut up—No you don’t seem like much a talker...You two were out dancing and...no, can’t picture you flirting around...

She tries again.

GRETA (CONT'D)
Oh, I got it. Caught your boy with some hot little skank. You made a stink and he apologized by busting you one. I know this story.

AMY
And worse.

GRETA
Worse?!
EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

We see Amy walking across the Bar parking lot as the Bar goes
dark and NICK and ANDIE tumble out, tipsy, their body
language similar to Nick and Amy’s on their Meet Cute. SNOW
is falling like the POWDERED SUGAR of their first kiss.

AMY (V.O.)
I went to the bar where he works.
To surprise him. And out he comes
with this girl who had no business
being in a bar.

Amy follows, stunned.

AMY (V.O.)
On our very first night together,
we walked by a bakery, and they
were getting their sugar
delivered—it was in the air
everywhere. A sugar storm. And
before he kissed me, he did this:

EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

AMY runs a finger over her lips just as we’ve seen Nick do.

AMY
So he could taste me.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTH CARTHAGE - NIGHT

NICK stops ANDIE. He takes a finger and wipes her lips clean
of SNOW. Then kisses her. Amy watches in pure shock.

EXT. POOL - AFTERNOON

AMY
Well, I followed them—and guess
what?

GRETA
No.

AMY
He did the same thing to her.

GRETA
That’s the most disgusting thing
I’ve ever heard.
AMY
Thank you.
INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

In the airport, all TVs display the morning NETWORK NEWS. We see REGAL SHARON SCHIEBER, polar opposite of ELLEN ABBOTT.

SHARON
Good morning, all. I'm Sharon Schieber. A disturbing story from America's heartland.

ON TV: A flash of Amy and Nick together, smiling.

NICK
We've gone mainstream.

TITLE CARD:
July 9, 2012
FOUR DAYS GONE

OMIT - EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

OMIT - INT. BAR - DAY

OMIT - INT. BAR - LATER

EXT. TANNER'S OFFICE BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY

Nick hops out of a cab and hurries in.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Nick is scanning a DIRECTORY. HE finds BOLT ASSOCIATES, FLOOR 52, just as TANNER BOLT, surrounded by OLD-ESTABLISHMENT lawyers, strides through the lobby. NICK weaves his way urgently through the lunch crowds.

NICK
Mr. Bolt. Tanner Bolt!

TANNER is used to this: He keeps walking, is about to give the brush-off, when he recognizes Nick.

TANNER
Nick Dunne. I've been sitting by the phone, my friend.
NICK and TANNER are sitting on a lobby bench as people go in and out for lunch. Tanner is having the laugh of his life.

NICK
You don't believe me.

TANNER
Sure I believe you! It's just the craziest thing I've ever heard. I love it. I mean, for you, it sucks...but you gotta have a grudging respect for your wife at this point.

Tanner leans back, still laughing; Nick is flummoxed.

NICK
Are you laughing me out of your building?

TANNER
No! Are you kidding me?! I'm in, I'm way in!
(more serious)
This is what I do, Nick. This is why I have a $100,000 dollar retainer—because I win unwinnable cases. You've come to the right guy.

NICK
One hundred thousand dollars?

TANNER
We'll figure something out. I'll give you a special My Wife Is Skilled in the Art of Vengeance rate.

NICK
OK, so what's the plan?

TANNER
So far, this is a he-said she said.

NICK
And she's telling a better version.

TANNER
No, Nick. She's telling a perfect version.

(MORE)
GG - Yellow Revisions  9/27/13

TANNER (CONT'D)
I want to start today preparing a defense, should we need it. Now, if we decide to go with your story-

NICK
The truth-

TANNER
We'll need to realign the public's vision of Amy. Make them stop seeing her as America's sweetheart, and start seeing her for what she is: a mind-fucker of the first degree. That's a big realignment. We need other voices besides yours. There has to be someone she's seriously screwed with before-

NICK
She filed charges against an old boyfriend. Tommy O'Hara. New York guy.

Tanner texts something into his phone.

TANNER
Easy to find.

NICK
There's another guy in St. Louis—Desi Collings—who supposedly stalked her.

TANNER
Go talk to Tommy. I'll draw up the contracts.

NICK's phone text buzzes. He looks at it: holds up the screen: TOMMY O'HARA with a phone number. Tanner grins.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Told you you came to the right guy.

A178  EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

B178  INT. BAR - DAY

Nick scans the crowd for TOMMY O'HARAs: Irish Tough. The actual TOMMY O'HARA waves: a gangly, math-rock un-rapey nerd.

NICK
Tommy O'Hara?
TOMMY
We should drink.

C178 INT. BAR - LATER

Two healthy bourbons in hand.

TOMMY
(bitter laugh)
I almost didn't come. I don't need that back in my life. Even tangentially. But shit. I wish someone had done me the favor.

An awkward pause: Tommy can't quite begin.

NICK
She said you...got physical with her?

TOMMY
No, dude. She said I raped her.
First degree, felony rape.

NICK
Did you do it?

TOMMY
Fuck you, did you do it?

Point taken.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I was looking at 30 years to life in prison.

NICK
Did you go to trial?

TOMMY
Fuck no. Do I look like I'd do well in prison? I plead down, man.
Sexual assault one, no jail time.

NICK
That's something.

TOMMY
Oh yeah, it's a fucking breeze! I've been unemployed for eight years because I have to write "Sexual Offender" on every job application.

(MORE)
TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm on a neighborhood watch list because I have to register as a predator wherever I go. I haven't had a date in almost a decade because if a girl googles me? Bye-bye. Life's a joy.

NICK
Take a drink.

They drink.

NICK (CONT'D)
Walk me through what happened.

TOMMY
I meet Amy at this party-2004. We CLICK. She's perfect. Like, if I could make up a girl, this would be the fucking girl.

He pulls out a photo of Tommy and AMY, in full Indie Rock Dream Girl mode—unlike any other Amy we've seen.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I think: what's the catch? Few months and it hits me: She was just playing at being Indie Rock Dream Girl.

NICK
And now she's done playing.

TOMMY
Apply yourself! Hustle for those gigs! Play this venue and meet that executive. She bought me ties.

Nick and Tommy's next round arrives.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I mean, girls like a fixer-upper, but... She invaded me. She made me her business. And she wanted me to do the same for her. It was too much. I wasn't even sure I wanted to be the guy she wanted me to be.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
So I break-up with her, back away, whatever...It was no big deal. Or so I think.

(pause for drink)
Then Amy shows up one night. She’s got a bottle of bourbon and this bootleg of a band I love, and—fuck—she’s all over me—and when this girl gets all over you—sorry, she’s your wife. But pretty soon—

NICK
You had sex.

TOMMY
Consensual! Nothing funky. Next thing I know, the cops are at my door. Amy has wounds that are “consistent with rape.” Marks on her wrists as if I tied her up. Me. I tied her to my bed and raped her.

Nick slugs his bourbon.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
(whispering)
And guess what they find? Headboard of my bed, one on each side.

NICK
She framed you with the ties you wouldn’t wear.

TOMMY
You know your wife.

NICK
All this because—

TOMMY
You date, you get your heart broken, you date someone new. Circle of life, right? Wrong. I don’t think she’d ever been rejected. Like, ever. Can you imagine being almost 30 years old and never having had anything go wrong for you?

NICK
Did you ever see her again?
TOMMY
On TV, last week! I thought, there’s our Amy, she’s graduated from rape to murder.

NICK
I may have to depose you.

TOMMY
I may have to relocate to Kazakhstan. I’m serious, man, I will not say a word against that girl. She fucked me up. And I just dated her a few months. I can’t imagine what she’s got in store for you.
AMY is in Greta’s cabin. They’re sitting on the BED. GRETA is munching chips and bean dip and a bottle of Mountain Dew. GRETA is flipping, flipping. Ah! ELLEN ABBOTT, growling about AMY. AMY stops her.

GRETA
You been watching this too? We just found out—

ELLEN
-last night’s bombshell: Amy Elliott Dunne was indeed pregnant when she went missing.

Amy settles in, RAPT.

ON TV: Pop ups to two other “experts”.

ELLEN (CONT’D)
Kelly Capitono: This makes me want to throw up. What is it about a pregnant woman—a woman carrying life inside her—that makes men turn into animals?

KELLY
(Behavioral Psychologist)
Ellen, the third leading cause of death for a pregnant woman is homicide—committed by a boyfriend or husband.

ELLEN
Let’s not forget about the wife. Ever. Tonight we welcome Amy’s best friend, Noelle Hawthorne.

NOELLE, clearly enjoying her day in the sun, appears.

NOELLE
Thank you so much, Ellen, and let me say this: Amy would have loved you, and all you do for women.

ELLEN
Tell us about your friend.

NOELLE
Amy was so nurturing. So maternal. She was just an angel.
GRETA
I’d love if just once someone was like: “She was a real rag.”

Amy moves herself in front of the TV, blocking off Greta.

NOELLE
She was what every woman wants to be: beautiful and smart and kind.

Photos of Amy float on screen: prep school, Harvard, black-ties etc. The image of the Good Life. Amy, watching, GLOWS.

GRETA
She seems like a rich bitch to me.

Greta gets up to pee but doesn’t close the door so she can keep talking to Amy—even if she can’t see her.

ELLEN
You two were neighbors-

AMY
What do you mean? People love her!

NOELLE
—who became friends. Before I was a mom, I was a teacher, so Amy and I had the same interests in education and whatnot.

GRETA (O.S.)
Seems uppity. Spoiled rich girl, married a cheating asshole. Paid the ultimate price.

NOELLE
We had no secrets. The only secret was her husband. We never met Nick. He never introduced himself.

She SPITS in Greta’s BEAN DIP and Mountain Dew.

ELLEN
Why was that, Noelle?

NOELLE
I think we know why. Because he has a violent temper. He was not a nice man. He knew I’d see right through him.

AMY
That’s harsh.
ELLEN
What is your last memory of your friend, Noelle?

GRETA (O.S.)
That’s life, baby.

NOELLE
I was giving her advice about being a mom. I was trying to support her, because she was so alone, so innocent.

FLUSH. Amy sits back down. Picture of INNOCENCE.

GRETA
Don’t get me wrong, it’s not OK he killed her. I’m just saying there are consequences.

179 INT. GO’S - NIGHT
Go is watching Ellen Abbott while on the phone with Nick.

GO
You landed Tanner Bolt.

ELLEN
And while his wife is missing, Nick Dunne’s playing with his robot dog. Yeah, did ya hear this? Nick Dunne has credit-card debt of $100,000 dollars, including a thousand dollar robot dog. What kind of man buys that, Lauren Nevens?

180 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT
Nick waits to board. Baseball cap very low. ELLEN ABBOTT is on every TV.

NICK
Tanner Bolt landed me. I’m going to see Desi Collings on the way home.

ON TV:

LAUREN (Behavioral Psychologist)
Ellen, Nick Dunne is not a man, psychologically.
NICK
Go? Tanner’s retainer is $100,000 dollars. That’s just the retainer.

181 INT. GO’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
ON TV: A flickering video image of Nick’s DAD being led inside the interior of Comfort Hill. He looks HARMLESS.

GO
I’ve got $47,000 in savings and I’m approved for a second mortgage on the house. We’ll go from there.

ELLEN
Nick keeps his father...who has Alzheimer’s...in this home. Number of times he visited last year: One.

182 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT
NICK
Go, thank you.

ON TV: Go is outside Nick’s house; flips off a cameraman—the shot we saw the night of the vigil.

ELLEN
His twin sister, Margo, is a peach. These two spend their days in the bar Amy bought them. Playing, what, Lauren, playing house?

NICK
What the fuck?!

LAUREN
Siblings often enable and abet. I haven’t examined Nick or his sister. But they seem very, very close.

ON TV: Go whispering in Nick’s ear, him smiling.

ELLEN
Disturbingly close, Lauren.

A dopey Business Traveler nudges his friend as he points at Nick and Go on the TV.

DOPE
Twinsest.
NICK, furious, silent, pulls down his hat and walks past.

183 INT. GRETA'S CABIN - NIGHT

As Ellen Abbott signs off, AMY looks absolutely sated.

ELLEN
And so we close with a question:
What kind of moral rot allows a beautiful, talented, kind, smart, loving mother to vanish without the heavens hearing our outraged cries? Amy Elliott Dunne, we care about you and we will not forget. And you know what else we won't forget:
Missouri has the death penalty.

AMY
Can I bum a cigarette?

184 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Amy, elated, triumphant, takes a drag of her cigarette, gives a little squeal of joy.

185 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Amy marches over to her calendar and looks at the date marked for KILL SELF. She crosses it off. And the next month's and the next month's. She takes out her DISPOSABLE.

AMY
Hi, I'd like to report some activity on the property of one Margo Dunne.

186 EXT. LADUE - NIGHT

Toniest neighborhood in St. Louis. Toniest house. Nick smooths his shirt, chews a mint. Rings the doorbell. DESI COLLINGS, 30s, handsome, preppy, answers. Rears back.

DESI
Mr. Dunne.

NICK
Mr. Collings.
Desi doesn’t invite him in. Strange charge in air: Desi thinks Nick is guilty; Nick thinks Desi is innocent.

NICK (CONT’D)
(realizing)
You were there. At the volunteer center. I saw you.

DESI
I wanted to help.

Nick pulls out one of Desi’s embossed envelopes.

NICK
I got your address from this.

DESI
Amy and I believe in the lost art of letter writing.

NICK
I’m curious why you still write her. After everything...

DESI gives him nothing.

NICK (CONT’D)
You dated a few years, right?
Boarding school.

DESI
My first serious girlfriend.

NICK
Why’d you break up?

DESI
That’s a strange question.

NICK
You treat her bad? Cheat on her?

DESI
That’s a rude question.

NICK
Let me tell you what she told me.
She told me you unraveled after she dumped you. You stalked her.
Threatened her. And finally you attempted suicide on her bed in her dorm room. Had to be sent away.
DESI
Your wife is missing and you came all this way to tell me this? *

NICK
I'm curious for your version.

Ugly pause. DESI shuts the door on Nick.

187 INT. NICK'S CAR - NORTH CARTHAGE - NIGHT
Nick drives home: past the Carthage sign. Welcome Back to Carthage, ya'll!

A188 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT
Nick drives past: The joint is jumping: Journalists, lookiloos. A girl is having her photo taken out front.

188 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT
BONEY is pouring over the diary. Early parts. She's smiling.

GILPIN
You're reading it again? You know how it ends.

BONEY
(not looking up)
It interests me.

GILPIN
Hey, Rhonda?
(she looks up)
"He's going to kill me." The End.

BONEY
Why'd he go to his dad's house to burn it?

GILPIN
No one's there. It's private.

BONEY
Why didn't he make sure it actually burnt?

GILPIN
Because he tripped the alarm and you were all over his ass.
BONEY
The whole thing just feels...easy.  
Like finding an envelope marked CLUE.

GILPIN
Ever heard that phrase, Rhonda: The simplest answer is often correct?

BONEY
I've actually never found that to be true.

189  EXT. GO'S HOUSE - MORNING

The doorbell rings. Nick opens onto TANNER in a seersucker.  
BIG GRIN from Tanner.

TANNER
Elvis is in Missouri.

TITLE CARD:
July 10, 2012
FIVE DAYS GONE

190  INT. GO'S KITCHEN - DAY

GO, NICK and TANNER at the table. GO pours coffee.

NICK
Maybe we should take everything to Boney. Make our case.

TANNER
OK, Nick. Go. Make your case. Convince me!

NICK
First, you need to understand Amy. She loves to teach lessons.

GO
Play God.

NICK
Old Testament God.

TANNER
Keep talking.
NICK
Amy finds out I’m cheating. She decides to punish me. She fakes her death. She makes the case against me: the blood in the house, the credit cards, the life insurance.

GO
She does the treasure hunt.

NICK
The key is the treasure hunt: Amy was taking me on a tour of my infidelities—and rubbing my nose in them. Clue One she leaves for the cops to find. It leads us to my office—a place where I had sex with Andie. And what do we find there, but a pair of women’s underwear—*

TANNER
Racy. Looks bad.

TANNER (CONT’D)
Clue 2?

NICK
Took me to my dad’s. Also a place where Andie and I had relations.

TANNER
Clue 3?

NICK
Took me to the woodshed. Where we—

GO
God, Nick!

NICK
We had limited options.

GO
Hotel?

NICK
Credit cards—Amy would see.

GO
What about Andie’s credit card?

NICK
Statements go to her parents.
Tanner reads through the clues. Picks up Clue 2.

TANNER
"Let’s head on over to the little brown house.” This leads you to?

NICK
My dad’s house.

GO
Dad’s house is blue.

NICK
(after a pause)
After the divorce, when he stopped seeing us, I pretended he was a spy named Mr. Brown who had to pretend he had no kids.

GO
You never told me that.
(pause)
You told her that?

TANNER
Nick, there were incriminating red panties in your office, and there’s an incriminating Showcase Showdown worth of crap in the woodshed.

NICK
Yes.

TANNER
So what in god’s name is at your dad’s house?

191 EXT. BILL DUNNE’S HOUSE - DAY
Tanner, Nick and Go stand outside. It’s been cordoned off.

192 INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY
NICK and GO are chowing; TANNER is sipping a Clamato.

TANNER
Whatever the hell they found, we have to assume it’s very bad.
(pause)
OK. We have a lot of uncontained issues here... Nick, do you have a guess what Andie’s mindset is?
NICK
She hasn’t phoned me back since the vigil.

TANNER
OK, and Amy’s parents?

Nick shakes his head: Bad news.

TANNER (CONT’D)
OK, we have serious pressures here.
We have a hurt young girlfriend who will go public any moment.

NICK
Andie wouldn’t—

TANNER
Andie will. They always do. Don’t take it personally.

Pause while he lets this sink in.

TANNER (CONT’D)
Amy has us in an interesting bind.
We need to tell the cops about Andie—they have to find out from us. But right now, Andie just gives you another motive. We need to tell the cops about the woodshed—we have to be on the front end of that. But let me tell you what will happen if we do: they will go after Go.

NICK
Go has nothing to do—

TANNER
Her property. Go was your accomplice, she helped you hide the stuff, in all likelihood she knows you killed Amy.

NICK
So what do we do?

TANNER
We find Amy. Any other strategy is missing the point. I’ve got two guys—ex secret service—I’ll get them on it. So where do they start, Nick? Where would Amy go?
EXT. MINIGOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A red golf ball rolls into a hungry CROCODILE’s mouth. AMY, GRETA and JEFF are putting through a vacant, decrepit mini golf course. They hold plastic cups of beer.

AMY
Shouldn’t we keep score?

No one listens. GRETA putts wildly, her ball bouncing over an alligator’s mouth into the slimy water--two holes over. GRETA swats JEFF’s butt as he goes to retrieve her ball. He swats hers back and goes to fetch the ball. GRETA smiles after him.

AMY (CONT’D)
I thought we were steering clear of men for a while.

GRETA
He’s nice.

AMY
Because he wants to fuck you.

AMY is sulking: She’s used to being the courtee. JEFF returns, drying the ball on his shirt before presenting it.

JEFF
(to Greta)
She still moping about her ex?

AMY snaps to, frowns at GRETA: You told him?

GRETA
He got cheated on too.

JEFF
We three here are the saddest sacks in the Ozarks.

They move on to a decaying Statue of Liberty.

AMY
I’m not sad. I’m angry.

GRETA
There you go!

JEFF
I almost drank myself to death when my wife left me.
AMY
I was going to kill myself. Can you believe that?

JEFF
Don't give him the pleasure.

AMY
I was going to drown myself in the Gulf of Mexico, let myself be dinner for great whites-

GRETA
Gulf is bull sharks, Miss Nawlins.

AMY
Why should I die? I'm not the asshole.

JEFF
Put that on a T-shirt.

Amy putts beautifully: hole on in one! JEFF bear-hugs her. He feels the money belt beneath her shirt and squeezes it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
What's up, Chubs?

With a flick, he lifts up her shirt to look at it.

GRETA
Moneybags! Thought you said you were broke.

Amy is flustered, yanks her shirt down.

GRETA (CONT'D)
That's a pretty fat wad.

AMY
Mostly singles.

GRETA
Singles? You a stripper?

Greta and Jeff laugh at the very idea.

JEFF
Treasure Chest or Lake Gurlz?

Amy is visibly annoyed.
GRETA
Ah, come on, we’re just teasing.
Don’t people tease in NOLA?

ELLEN
Expect Nick Dunne’s arrest any day
now. We’ve got blood in the house,
huge debt, an unwanted pregnancy,
and we have Amy Elliott Dunne,
missing now for five days, crying
out for justice.

AMY counts out her CASH. Not liking the result. She counts
again. Same. She is counting again when the door rattles.

AMY
Hello?

The door stops rattling. Amy opens it. No one is outside.
Nick stands behind the door as he opens for GO and TANNER. We hear DOZENS of reporters: TANNER! CAN WE GET A STATEMENT? GO and TANNER enter. GO hands NICK a bag of groceries.

NICK
Never thought I'd be a guy who couldn't get a pizza delivered.

GO
Milk, peanut butter, bread, *bourbon. Tanner’s got a bad idea *he’s going to pitch you.

TANNER
Sharon Schieber is going to interview you tomorrow. St. Louis.

GO
It could go so wrong.

TANNER
And you are going to tell her about Andie.

GO
No!

NICK
Tanner that sounds--

TANNER
Nick, you haven’t heard from her in three days. It’s a ticking time bomb. You gotta throw yourself on it.

NICK
People will hate me.

TANNER
And then they’ll forgive you. A guy admitting he’s a giant asshole? People love that stuff.

NICK
Why not just release a statement?
TANNER
Sharon’s specials get 10 million viewers. Sharon’s a crusader. If she takes you on as a cause-

GO
She’s going to ask hard questions.

TANNER
I’ll drill Nick as if this were a deposition. How to talk, how to act.

GO
A trained monkey.

TANNER
A trained monkey who doesn’t get lethal injection, yes. Look, this case hangs on what people think of Nick. They need to like him.

A pause.

TANNER (CONT’D)
You’ll reach millions of people.

NICK
I just need to reach one person.

A206  EXT. CABIN PATH - WATER TOWER - AFTERNOON
Amy is hustling down the path with a plastic bag full of cleaning supplies.

JEFF
Yoo-hoo!

Amy looks around, mystified, then looks up at JEFF and GRETA, hanging out, sharing a joint.

GRETA
Climb on up!

AMY
I’ve got laundry.

GRETA
Bumper boats later?
AMY
Yeah, sure. Sounds good.

INT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Amy is PACKING. In latex gloves, she wipes everything down. Pulls the sink trap, tugs out the clogged HAIR. A KNOCK at the door. She pauses. Another KNOCK. She yanks off the gloves, tightens her MONEYBELT. Yanks the CALENDAR off the wall and into her bag. She opens the door. GRETA spots a packed duffel bag behind her.

GRETA
You’re leaving?

Amy remains non-committal.

GRETA (CONT’D)
Well, let us say goodbye.

AMY
I’ll come by before-

Jeff inserts his cast in the door so it can’t shut.

JEFF
Let us in, little girl.

She lets them in. Greta closes the door behind her, BLOCKING IT. Jeff begins opening cabinets and drawers.

JEFF (CONT’D)
You got to clear everything out. Dorothy’s a real stickler.

He opens the closet.

JEFF (CONT’D)
Not even a spare hanger can you leave.

He shakes out her comforter and sheets.

JEFF (CONT’D)
Make sure nothing’s trapped inside. A sock or undies or what have you.

He opens her bedside table. Empty.

JEFF (CONT’D)
Looks like you’ve done a good job.

He walks over to AMY.
JEFF (CONT’D)
Where the money, sweetheart?

GRETA
Look under her dress.

AMY
I’ll call the police.

GRETA
Your glasses are fake. Your roots are blond, not...hamster. You say your name’s Nancy but you don’t answer to it half the time. You’re hiding—I don’t know why, I don’t care. But you’re not going to call the cops.

AMY
Jeff talked you into this?

GRETA
I talked Jeff into it.

Amy backs away until she’s against the wall.

GRETA (CONT’D)
And I don’t think you’ve ever really been hit.

Greta grabs her, reaches under AMY’s dress, yanks the MONEYBELT. Amy grabs onto the buckle just in time. They struggle against the wall.

AMY
I’m serious, Greta, stop!

Greta pushes Amy’s face, the glasses jamming into Amy’s eyes. It’s a quiet, slow-motion death struggle. Until: Greta bangs Amy’s head against the wall, once, twice. HARD. Amy drops the belt. Greta looks through the cash. Thousands.

GRETA
Holy shit!

Amy makes one last lame attempt to grab the belt, but Greta shoves her again, hard, her head hitting the cinder block. She drops to a crouch, dizzy. Her glasses are broken. One eye waters like a cut vein. Jeff and Greta stand over her.

JEFF
Sorry. We really do need the money.

They step past her.
GRETÄ
Next place, be more careful, ok?
Lot of people out there worse than us.

207 EXT. CABIN - DUSK
AMY throws everything in the car. Gets in, starts it. Stops.

208 INT. CABIN - DUSK
Amy opens the door, examines the spot of saliva where Greta pushed her against the wall. Sprays it with bleach, takes a tissue, wipes it, turns off the light.

209 INT. FESTIVA - NIGHT
Amy is parked in the lot of a BUDGET MOTEL. A candy bar wrapper in the passenger seat. Pocket CHANGE in stacks. She’s asleep. BANG on the window.
SECURITY GUARD
You can’t sleep here, honey. Sorry.
Amy speeds off, haggard. She looks at the gas: almost empty.

210 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT
Amy veers into a gas station, up to a pay phone, dials. We can’t hear, but she’s sweet, then resigned. Nodding. She gets back in car, huddled in the driver’s seat. 1:12 am.

211 INT. HOTEL - MAKEUP ROOM - AFTERNOON
Go is trimming Nick’s hair with nail scissors while Nick and Tanner practice. Outside the window is the St. Louis ARCH.
NICK
I did not kill my wife.

TITLE CARD:
July 12, 2012
SEVEN DAYS GONE

TANNER
Again, less wooden.

NICK
I did not kill my wife.
A red jellybean zaps him right in the cheek.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

Tanner reveals a bag of jelly bellies.

TANNER
Every time you look smug or annoyed or tense, I'm going to hit you with a jellybean.

NICK
That's supposed to make me less tense?

TANNER
Let's try it again: I understand you and your wife had some bumps.

NICK
It had been a rough few years. We'd lost our jobs.

TANNER
Yes, you both had.

NICK
We'd moved back to my hometown to take care of my mom who was dying of cancer and my dad who-

A jellybean hits him.

TANNER
Your dad's scorched earth. Focus on your mom, how close you were. Go on.

NICK
So it all built up-

Jellybean.

TANNER
No, implies an explosion coming.

NICK
So we had gotten off track. I had a moment of weakness-

Jellybean.
TANNER
You had fifteen months of weakness.

NICK
I became involved in an extramarital relationship that was completely wrong.

TANNER
That works.

GO
Remember to play up the doofus husband, Nick. "I was an idiot. I was a fuck up. Everything was my fault."

NICK
So, what men are supposed to do in general.

Go whizzes a jelly belly at him, he catches it in his mouth.

NICK (CONT’D)
Rootbeer.

TANNER
(checking his watch)
How do you feel?

NICK
I feel good. Go, toss me that box.

Go picks up a vintage watch box, tosses it.

NICK (CONT’D)
Amy’s 33rd-birthday present to me.

GO
You hate that watch.

NICK
Oh no, Go, I love this watch. Just like I love this tie, this shirt and these cuff-links.

He straightens himself in the mirror.

NICK (CONT’D)
Just like I love my wife.
Amy wipes down the car thoroughly, grabs her bag, gets out of the car, tosses the keys in on the driver's seat. Rolls the windows down. Busloads of retirees move painfully across the gravel. Amy moves quickly, gracefully: I am young, ha-ha!

Amy nurses a drink. Change stacked in front of her. She drums her nails. Finally looks up. It's reminiscent of the moment when Nick saved Amy at the book party. The line is the same:

AMY
Ah, it's you.

DESI COLLINGS has arrived, looking as well produced as a Ralph Lauren ad. He takes Amy's hand.

DESI
It's you.

Someone nearby gets a jackpot. Bing Bing Bing.

DES
He beat you?

AMY
Brutally. Had countless affairs. But he'd fly into a rage if I said hello to the postman. I was a prisoner.

DESI
Good God.

AMY
Last week, he really hurt me.
(pointing to her bruise)
I said I'd leave. He said he'd find me and kill me. So I disappeared... I lost the baby. I'm so scared.

A MUSTACHED MAN at the bar leans to get a better look at Amy.

DES
I doubt Nick will press charges if you resurface. He wants to find you. He was on my doorstep three days ago.
The MUSTACHED MAN appears in her peripheral. Amy turns away.

DESI (CONT’D)
He tracked me from my letters to you. You saved them.

AMY
Knowing you were out there was the only thing that’s kept me going these past few years.

DESI
Let’s go to the police. We’ll explain everything.

AMY
I can’t turn up now. Everyone would hate me.
(pause)
Is it wrong, to want Nick to go to prison?

DESI
He should go to prison for what he’s done. I’ll set you up at my lakehouse. It’s secluded.

AMY
Why are you so good to me?

DESI
You know why.

AMY
Why is it that when I need someone to save me, I always think of you?

The MUSTACHED MAN suddenly appears at the table.

MUSTACHED MAN
Excuse me, don’t I know you?

215 INT. HOTEL MAKEUP ROOM - AFTERNOON
Nick and his crew are waiting. Tanner’s phone rings. He looks at display.

TANNER
Boney. I’ll call her after.

In swans SHARON SCHIEBER, 50s, regal.
SHARON
(to Tanner, all business)
Tanner, nice to see you. I hope this is worth my while.

TANNER
You’ll be happy.

SHARON
(to Nick, regal)
I’m Sharon.

NICK
I’m very pleased to meet you, Sharon. Thank you for this.

SHARON
Can we get you anything before we start? Water, tea?

The assistant teeters up urgently, whispers in Sharon’s ear.

SHARON (CONT’D)
Are you fucking serious?

216 INT. CASINO - AFTERNOON

MUSTACHED MAN
(to Amy)
You’re one of the Nolan girls, right?

DESI
We’re from Winnipeg. Excuse us.

DESI throws money on the table. The man peevishly withdraws, but keeps an eye on Amy.

DESI (CONT’D)
We should leave.

He starts hustling her through the casino. They are almost to the door when Amy looks up.

AMY
Oh my god. You little slut.

CLOSE on TV in a bar. The bartender turns up the volume. ANDIE, dressed demurely, holds a press conference at Drury Lodge. She looks stricken. RAND and MARYBETH behind her.

ANDIE goes up to a mike. Nervous.
ANDIE
My name is Andie Fitzgerald.

AMY
Why is she dressed like a babysitter?

ANDIE
I met Nicholas Dunne when he was my creative-writing teacher at Mill Valley Community college...

AMY
The girl with the giant cum-on-me tits.

ANDIE
I am deeply ashamed of having been involved with a married man.

AMY
But what do you wear tonight? A fucking shirtdress!

ANDIE
I truly believed we were in love... but I know that is no excuse.

AMY
No, it's not.

ANDIE
I do not in my heart believe Nick Dunne would have killed for me. My prayers go out to everyone who loves Amy. I apologize for the pain this has caused them.

Andie trembling, steps away from the mike.

MARYBETH
We have loved Nick Dunne like a son. That love ended today.

AMY
Come on, Marybeth, get in the plug for Amazing Amy.

MARYBETH
We trusted him and he met our trust with lie after lie. We now believe Nick is absolutely involved with the disappearance of our daughter—our amazing Amy—
DESÍ (kissing her forehead)
Come. You're staring at ghosts.

INT. HOTEL MAKEUP ROOM – AFTERNOON

As RAND and MARYBETH leave the podium, the TV is turned to mute. GO, TANNER, NICK and SHARON have a moment to digest.

SHARON
Well, this just got very exciting.

TANNER
One moment, Sharon.

Tanner pulls Nick aside.

TANNER (CONT’D)
We are going to bow out.

NICK
Nothing’s changed, Tanner—

TANNER
Everything’s changed. An hour ago, we were in front of this. Now—

NICK
I can do it.

TANNER
We’re on the defense—it’s a completely different dynamic.

NICK
I can handle it.

GO
She’s going to eat you alive.

NICK
I got this.

SHARON
(to assistant)
Mike him, we do this now.

Sharon turns to reveal a battlefield of stick pins used to keep her dress in place.
A218 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

NICK goes to his seat. A makeup person powders his sweaty brow. A sound guy threads the lavaliere up his shirt. Sharon and her producer confer in intense whispers. The rest of the staff are glaring at Nick. He catches one woman’s EYE and her look is VENOMOUS. The makeup person re-powders him.

PRODUCER
And it’s 3, 2, 1....

218 INT. TANNER’S CAR - NIGHT

Go, Tanner and Nick driving home. Tanner is working his phone, answering emails, etc.

GO
Seriously, I can’t believe how fucking good you were.

NICK
I’m awake, finally.

GO
You’ve been fuzzy the past few years. You’re in focus now.

NICK
She brings out the best in me.

GO
(dark)
Don’t.

Tanner looks up at that.

TANNER
Just keep it together the next 24 hours, you two. People hate you right now, Nick. Women want to scratch your eyes out. Andie was good TV.

NICK
She’s a nice girl.

TANNER
That’s a problem. So just ride this out. When Sharon Schieber airs tomorrow, we’re going to be looking at a new you.
They pass the sign: Entering North Carthage—Welcome Home, Y’all!

TANNER (CONT’D)
Until then? Don’t show your face.

ELLEN (O.S.)
Nick Dunne was dating a child.

A219 EXT. LAKEHOUSE - NIGHT
Amy and Desi drive up, park. They get out of the car and walk into the Lakehouse.

219 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Desi is giving Amy the grand tour of his lake-mansion. AMY is wielding the remote. On TV: Ellen at her most outraged.

DESI
Cable and Internet, obviously.

ELLEN
A twenty-year-old girl. He was her teacher. I tell you, this guy is just despicable. He makes my skin crawl.

Amy lingers, BEAMING. DESI snaps off the TV.

220 INT. LAKEHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT
Massive refrigerator. Desi opens it. It’s stocked.

DESI
Anything you have a taste for that you can’t find in here, just let me know—I’ll get it. Wine cellar’s downstairs. I’ll get you some clothes too. Not that I don’t appreciate you in Bait Shop Chic.

221 INT. LAKEHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

DESI
The floors are heated, dial to your taste. Robes in the closet. The shower can do steam if you’d like, the bathtub has jacuzzi function.
INT. LAKEHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is my master suite. Which is now your master suite. Great view when you're in the mood, block-out curtains when you're not. The bed is Savoir, you'll never get a better sleep.

She checks out the decadent 3000-count sheets. Thank god.

AMY
You are so good to me. And I am so exhausted.

DESI
I'll leave you to it then.

AMY has already dismissed him.

DESI (CONT'D)
I'm so happy you're here. And I don't want you to worry for one moment. There are cameras everywhere.

He shows her the views on his PHONE.

DESI (CONT'D)
The exterior, all over the grounds, the entryway. Anyone going in or out gets recorded.

A pause while she takes this in.

DESI (CONT'D)
You'll be very safe. I won't let you get away again.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and leaves. Amy begins looking around. The BOOKSHELVES are filled with SELF-HELP books. Mostly about BEING a MAN. FIRE IN THE BELLY, BEING THE STRONG MAN A WOMAN WANTS, NO MORE MR. NICE GUY.

INT. DESI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Amy goes through his drawers: Every single Amy Quiz she ever published, dutifully filled out. Her NYT marriage notice. Interviews she's done with trivia of interest underlined.

The room's a showcase to a concept Amy has never fully realized: If you want a man whose sole focus is YOU and BEING WITH YOU, this is what you get.
INT. LAKEHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy is under the plush covers, staring at her reflection in the windows. Definitely not sleeping.

INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy is at the TV, which displays EVERY SECURITY CAMERA angle.

TITLE:
JULY 13, 2012
EIGHT DAYS GONE

THWACK. The door opens. Amy turns off the TV. Desi enters, bearing a shopping bag.

DESI
Good morning!

AMY
You scared me. Don’t do that.
   (softening)
I need to feel safe.

DESI
You are very safe. What have you been up to?

The question is innocent but unnerving to Amy.

AMY
Nothing.

DESI
Amy, I’m not Nick. You don’t need walls.

AMY
It’s hard for me. After so many years, under someone’s thumb-

DESI
(pointedly)
I know just how that feels.

AMY
You were never under my thumb.

DESI
On your leash?

AMY
Never.
Desi debates this.

DESI
New start.

He takes out the contents of his bag. BUTTER BLONDE hair dye, makeup, razors, wax and three silky, pastel dresses.

DESI (CONT'D)
Decent clothes. Hair dye. Makeup. 
Tweezers. There's a gym on its way. 
The sooner you look like yourself, 
the sooner you'll feel like 
yourself. I'll get groceries for 
tonight. We'll watch Sharon 
Schieber and finally move on.

AMY
I think that's something I should watch on my own.

He kisses her forehead.

DESI
Nonsense. I'll be back. I'm looking forward to my reunion with Amy Elliott.

225 EXT. GO'S BACKYARD - SUNSET
Nick is slipping through the woods behind Go's house. TWO NEWSVANS are in front, cameras on Go's as the guys talk. NICK books to the house; Go opens the door for him as he hits it.

GO
(plummy Sharon voice)
Welcome, all-

226 EXT. LAKEHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

227 INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - SUNSET
The remains of a light dinner are nearby. Wine is chilling.

ON TV:

SHARON
-I'm Sharon Schieber.

Amy's eyes are glued to the TV. We see a montage of The Nick and Amy story: Amazing Amy, their wedding photo, Andie.
We can hear key words: “The girl everyone wanted to be,” “the marriage everyone admired,” “shocking debts,” “a surprise pregnancy,” “and a very young, very pretty secret.”

Desi is glaring at Amy’s un-dyed hair, her comfy cotton sundress. Amy doesn’t notice. She’s rapt.

ON TV:

SHARON (CONT’D)
Now, exclusively, a husband breaks his silence not just on his wife’s disappearance but on his infidelity—and all those shocking rumors.

Cut to interview: NICK and SHARON sitting together.

AMY
I bought that tie.

On TV:

SHARON
Nick Dunne, you might be the most hated man in America right now.

NICK
I think you’re probably right, Sharon. And I probably deserve it.

SHARON
Did you kill your wife, Nick?

NICK
I did not kill my wife, Sharon. I am not a murderer.

SHARON
But you were unfaithful.

NICK
I was. I am not proud of my actions.

SHARON
You allowed Amy’s parents, Amy’s friends, the people of your hometown, to believe that you were a loving husband who was desperate to find his missing wife.
NICK
I am desperate to find my missing wife.

SHARON
I just wonder how you can ask us to believe you, now that we know...you're a liar?

NICK
I did not come forward about my affair because I knew it would make me look very, very bad. I don't care anymore about how I look. That's done. I care about finding my wife.

SHARON
I'm just trying to get clear-

NICK
Let me say this: I am not a killer. But I'm far from being a good guy. I was a bad husband to a wonderful wife. I broke the vow I made to her.

SHARON
What does that mean to you, Nick?

NICK
It means I was basically a con artist.

(MORE)
NICK (CONT'D)
I met Amy Elliott seven years ago and I was transfixed. Amy does that. I was an average guy from an average place with mediocre aspirations, and I met this woman who dazzled me. And I wanted her to love me. I pretended to be better than I was. I made a pledge to her, when we married, to be that man.

INSERT: A perfect wedding portrait of NICK and AMY.

NICK (CONT'D)
The man who tries harder. The man who thinks and acts and feels with as much passion as she does. The man who makes her happy. And I failed her. Instead of doing what was right, I did what was easy.

AMY is RAPT: These words RESONATE.

SHARON
You talk like a man who believes he can still make amends to his wife. Who believes his wife is still alive.

NICK
She is alive.

SHARON
OK, then. What would you like to say to your wife tonight?

NICK turns straight to the camera.

NICK
Amy, I love you. You are the best person I have ever known. I have taken myself to the woodshed over the way I treated you. Come home and I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you. I will be the man I promised you I’d be. Please come home.

He puts his finger briefly in the cleft of his chin. His watch is on camera. Amy smiles. DESI is watching Amy.
INT. GO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Go is working the Internet, dropping in and out of NICK DUNNE chats. SHARON is on TV, saying goodnight.

  GO
  You fucking killed it. They're going crazy for you.

  NICK
  They disliked me, they liked me, they hated me and now they love me.
GO smiles. A small sense of relief passes over the two of
the. And then: BANG BANG BANG! Through the windows, we see
police swarming across the backyard. Toward the WOODSHED.
Setting up perimeter to keep away reporters. Setting up flood
lights aimed at the WOODSHED. Go opens the door.

229 INT./EXT. GO’S SIDE DOOR - YARD - NIGHT

BONEY
Margo Dunne, this is a search
warrant for your property.

She hands it to GO.

BONEY (CONT’D)
I usually ignore tipline calls but
a neighbor was concerned about that
“strange man around your woodshed.”

Boney begins walking.

NICK
(to Go)
Call Tanner!

230 EXT. GO’S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The police are cutting the WOODSHED lock. And they’re inside.
NICK follows BONEY as she walks toward the SHED.

BONEY
Your girlfriend is so cute, Nick.

NICK
Is that what this is about?

Boney stops short, seething.

BONEY
I’ve treated you beyond fair
throughout this investigation. I’ve
given you the benefit of the doubt
over and over. Whenever you said
something stupid, I thought, Maybe
he’s just stupid. I was wrong.
That’s what this is about.

GILPIN
(holding a club)
These the clubs you don’t play golf
with?
NICK
None of this is mine, none of this
was put here by me.

A uniformed officer marches out from the woodshed, holding
the gift-wrapped BOX with the PUNCH and JUDY puppets. He
walks past them to POLICE VAN.

BONEY
Got the makings of a real man cave.
Everything just waiting for the
wife to go away for good.

But NICK has stopped paying attention because GO is being
helped into a police car.

NICK
Hey, you can’t do that!

BONEY
Of course we can.

We hear a strange CLICK and WHIR. Out of the woodshed comes
the ROBOT DOG, a cop piloting the controller. The dog BARKS.

231 INT. LAKEHOUSE - NIGHT

Desi very deliberately turns off the Sharon Schieber show.
Amy gets up to turn on the laptop. DESI takes it away.

DESI
Amy, it’s time to move on. What can
I do to help?

AMY
I need some time to think.

DESI
That’s the last thing you need.

AMY
Desi-

DESI
For 20 years now, you’ve kept me
dangling. Finally, last night you
came to me, and you chose me.
Follow that instinct. Don’t trust
the instinct that left you beaten
and homeless, sleeping in your car,
fearing for your life.

AMY looks truly panicked.
DESI (CONT'D)
I'm not going to force myself on you.

He goes into the kitchen, begins taking away anything decadent. Cheese, chips, etc all go into a bag.

AMY
I understand what you're saying, Desi, I do. I've just been so mistreated, for so long, I've forgotten how to behave.

DESI
I'll move in here tomorrow. We'll work on it. Until we get it right. I just want you to be you again.

He runs his hand through the hair that should be blonde.

232 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT
Nick and Tanner conferring as they head to interrogation.

TANNER
They only took Go to fuck with you.

NICK
She is not spending another second here. We tell Boney everything.

TANNER
We tell Boney as little as possible. Without a body, without a murder weapon, they'll be desperate for a confession. So let them talk. We can jumpstart your defense.

NICK
My defense is the truth.

Tanner tries not to roll his eyes at the naivety. But can't.

233 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT
Boney is getting settled: tape recorder coffee, pens, legal pad. Nick studies her. Tries to break the ice.

NICK
You got kids, Rhonda?

She looks startled. Holds up one finger.
BONEY
Daughter.

NICK
What's her name?

BONEY
Let's start.

BONEY sets PUNCH and JUDY in their box on the table.

BONEY (CONT'D)
Recognize these?

NICK
Amy's anniversary present to me.

BONEY
Is this how she told you she was pregnant? Mommy, Daddy, Baby? That make you mad?

BONEY gives him a stony look. Sets the diary on the table. It's singed on the sides but fine inside.

BONEY (CONT'D)
Recognize this?

NICK
I've never seen it in my life.

BONEY
Amy's diary. We found it at your father's house.

Nick and Tanner exchange a look: Ohhh this is bad.

BONEY (CONT'D)
This your wife's handwriting?

Nick reaches for the diary, BONEY pulls it back.

NICK
I think so.

BONEY
So does our expert. Want to play a little true or false?

She takes out a stack of Xeroxed papers, each flagged with a color code stickie. She presents him the first sheet:
(reading)
And then he brushes the sugar off my lips so he can taste me.

*NICK
(moved)
Yeah, that's true.

Next sheet is slapped down.

*BONEY
You thought quinoa was a fish?

*NICK
(sudden laugh)
I still don't know what it is.

She slaps down another sheet.

*BONEY
She wanted to get pregnant—you attacked her.

*NICK
I hit her? Never.

*BONEY
She says pushed. You pushed her.

*NICK
Did not happen.

Slaps down another sheet.

*BONEY
She tried to buy a gun.

*NICK has no idea what to say. Boney slaps down another.

*BONEY (CONT'D)
Shall I read you the last entry?
This man might kill me. In her own words: This man might kill me.

*NICK
Convenient end note.

GILPIN enters the room, motions to BONEY. They stand in the doorway, joined by DONNELLY, who hands BONEY a bag. They confer intensely in low voices. BONEY returns holding an evidence BAG containing a burnt CLUB. She holds it up to the JUDY puppet so NICK can see it's the missing handle.
BONEY
The missing handle. Big as a 2 by 4, right? Big as a club. We found this Day One. In the fireplace. Your office. Didn’t know what the hell it was but, fire in July? We bagged it.

NICK
I have never seen that. I have never-

BONEY
We just tested it. Fire doesn’t erase blood, Nick. So. Finally: Nick Dunne, you are under arrest for the murder of your wife, Amy Elliott Dunne.

234 OMIT - INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

235 OMIT - INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

236 INT. JAIL - MORNING
Nick is asleep against the cinderblock wall.

GUARD
Dunne? You got a hell of a lawyer.

TITLE:
July 14, 2012
NINE DAYS GONE

237 EXT. JAIL - MORNING
A football field’s worth of cameras. Tanner runs Nick into a car, where Go awaits. NEWSVANS and reporters from all over the nation—and the BBC—are running amok.

NICK
(to Go)
You’re ok?

Go waves him off.

NICK (CONT’D)
(to Tanner)
What’s this mean?
TANNER
You’re out on bond. You can relax at home while we prep for trial.

NICK
Take a bubble bath.

GO
Tanner, is there any fucking lead on Amy?

TANNER
I’ve had my two best guys looking.

Nick looks up: Yes?

TANNER (CONT’D)
She’s air.

Hands beat against the car window. Yells. PROTESTERS hold posters. NO TO VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN! and MURDERER! and WHAT DO YOU KNOW, GO?

NICK
Come home, Amy. I dare you.

FADE OUT:

AMY (V.O.)
More coffee?

FADE IN:

A bountiful breakfast is on a perfect table. Orange juice in crystal, silver shining. DESI is smiling benevolently.

TITLE CARD:
AUGUST 4, 2012
THIRTY DAYS GONE

And we see AMY. WOW. She’s Almost Amy: weight lost, hair blonde in a pretty pixie. Tan faded. The two look posh. If Amy and Nick once were an ad for sex, Amy and Desi are an ad for never having sex—because they’d muss these great clothes.

DESI
Love it.
She pours for him. Adds a cube of sugar.

**AMY**
Remember that time we skipped school and drove to the Cape?

**DESI**
Lobster right from the ocean.

**AMY**
This reminds me of that. Never-ending holiday.

**DESI**
You're not bored?

**AMY**
Desi, you can discuss 18th century symphonies, 19th century Impressionists, quote Proust—in French. Nick's idea of culture was a reality TV marathon with one hand down his boxers and his other around a family-sized block of Velveeta.

Desi laughs, finishes his coffee, gets up. She rumples his hair. Then she KISSES him, BITES his lower lip. He rears back, surprised. She walks him just to the edge of the entryway. Yanks out his shirt teasingly.

**AMY (CONT'D)**
That's how the kids wear it.

240 **EXT. LAKEHOUSE - DAY**

On the black and white of a video camera, we see Desi leaving his house, straightening his hair, and tucking in his shirt. He puts his fingers gingerly to his lip: OUCH.

241 **INT. LAKEHOUSE DINING AREA - DAY**

A new camera shoots from PATIO through the glass into the DINING AREA. Amy stumbles into frame past a new Stairmaster and Bowflex. She's in a ripped T-shirt and panties. A length of BINDING trails from one arm and leg: she's been TETHERED to something off camera, unable to reach the door. She looks at the camera and screams silently. Pounds on the glass. Tumbles to the floor, crying.
INT. LAKEHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

In the mirror above the sink, Amy examines her weight, tanline. Pale, thin, beautiful. Aside from the shorter hair, she is back to being AMY. She pulls off some DUCT TAPE, cuts it with a BOX CUTTER. Tests the tape. Then she picks up a BOTTLE of WINE. She uncorks it, pours it out in the sink, peels away the foil. In the mirror we see her lower it and reach beneath her skirt with it.

TITLE:
August 13, 2012
THIRTY-NINE DAYS GONE

INT. LAKEHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy waits on the sofa, looking ready for a Big Date.

DESI (O.S.)
Mr. Collings is home!

AMY
Hello Mr. Collings. I missed you!

She hugs him, lingers, tilts her head up to him. Kisses him.

AMY (CONT'D)
Stay with me. I don’t want you to be away. When things die down, we’ll go to Greece like you said.

She begins kissing his neck.

DESI
Octopus and Scrabble.

Her hands move down his chest to his belt.

DESI (CONT'D)
How long do you think it’ll take?

AMY
Not long. Six months for the trial. Sentencing will be quick.

Her hands are in his pants. DESI can’t decide if he wants to focus on the romance of Greece or the matter at hand.

DESI
He’ll appeal.

AMY
I can watch the rest overseas.
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DESI is trying to slowly, gently undress her. Amy, with a flick of two straps is out of her dress. She pulls him on the bed. Desi begins delicately, slowly kissing her. Nibbling like a FISH. She impatiently yanks his clothes off.

DESI
Hold on, slowly.

AMY
Hard!

She reaches under her dress, pulls off her undies. They begin having sex. Slowly. She starts writhing.

DESI
Amy. Don’t be scared. It’s me.

AMY
Harder!

DESI
Slowly.

AMY
Do it!

A few more thrusts and it’s over. AMY keeps her legs CLASPED around his waist as she grabs the BOX CUTTER from her bedside table. DESI has enough time to register confusion when: SLASH. She slices him neatly through the JUGULAR.

The BLOOD pulses out as DESI grabs at his neck, but AMY won’t let him go. The two roll over, Amy on top, holding him down. DESI makes one more try for freedom and the two roll back around, him on top of her again. The BLOOD is everywhere: on the mattress, on the walls. AMY keeps her legs wrapped around Desi until he gives one last heave and DIES on top of her.

Amy’s beatific smile certainly indicates she’s satisfied.

INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

NICK is on the couch asleep. Looking like a complete SHELL of a man. We can hear PROTESTORS, NEWS REPORTERS outside. A sudden, strange rush of noise from the CROWD wakes him. Silence, then sputters of recognition.

TITLE CARD:
August 14, 2012
FORTY DAYS GONE
NOISE gets LOUDER. The doorbell rings. Nick opens the door:

246  EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - LATE MORNING

AMY, still in her delicate pink dress, the front of which is covered in dried blood. Her hair is covered in blood. Her face is swiped with it. She is weeping hysterically. The media go absolutely APESHIT. AMY AMY AMY! Amy holds out her arms to Nick. We see the deep twine rings around her wrists.

AMY

Nick!

A beat. The cameras are capturing everything.

NICK

Amy!

He hugs her fiercely. Cups her face, whispers in her ear:

NICK (CONT’D)

You fucking bitch.


BLACK SCREEN

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You’re going to feel some pressure.

247  INT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

AMY in a gown, in stirrups, undergoing a rape kit, as BONEY and NICK each hold a hand. AMY has a new persona: SURVIVOR.

DOCTOR

You’ll have more babies.

Amy smiles at Nick. He tries to hide his horror.

248  INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

The doctor confers with BONEY and NICK.

DOCTOR

Her wounds are consistent with rape. There was semen present. We’ll make sure it’s a match.

BONEY

It’ll match.
The doctor leaves and BONEY grabs a crucial moment with NICK.

BONEY (CONT’D)
What do you think?

NICK
Pals again?

BONEY
Now that I know you didn’t murder your wife? Yes. What do you think?

NICK
Kidnapped? It’s an insane story.

BONEY
I’ve heard crazier.

RAND and MARYBETH run in. GILPIN arrives. The corridor is getting progressively packed with cops, reporters, staff.

MARYBETH
(to Boney)
We told you: Desi Collings. We told you over a month ago!

RAND
(to NICK)
Nick, we owe you an apology. It’s just that every single sign-

NICK
I know.

MARYBETH
We’ll leave it to Amy whether she can forgive you for the rest.

An ominous phalanx of SUITS arrives and heads toward Amy’s room. GO and TANNER arrive just behind them. BONEY heads to meet the SUITS, past TANNER and GO as they head to NICK.

TANNER
(whispering to Nick)
For now: “I’m just happy my wife is safe.”

The doctor blocks Amy’s room just as the SUITS arrive.

DOCTOR
She’s on fairly heavy painkillers.
AMY
(from inside)
It's OK. I want to help.
INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

BONEY worms her way in. The suits barely make room for her. AMY looks vulnerable in her gown.

FBI
Ms. Dunne, I know what you’ve been through so we’ll keep it very brief. Can you walk us through what happened?

AMY
That morning, the doorbell rang. So normal. I opened the door. Desi. So strange. Since high school...he won’t ever go away. I always try to be nice to him. Answer his letters. Keep him calm. God, I encouraged him-

She begins tearing up. An FBI agent hands her a TISSUE.

FBI
(firmly)
Don’t blame yourself.

AMY
He pushed inside. Grabbed me. I got away. Ran to the kitchen. He clubbed me. I collapsed.

BONEY
That club, it’s actually the handle to the Punch and Judy puppets-

AMY
That’s right. Treasure hunt. That’s what he hit me with. I’d hidden the puppets at Go’s...

BONEY
Then how did Desi have the handle?

AMY
I’d just found it. It must have fallen off. I was holding it when Desi pushed in. He got it from me.

BONEY
About the woodshed-

AMY
(ignoring her)
I woke up in the trunk of his car.
BONEY
You must have bled quite a bit there.

AMY
You'll find blood... He took me to his lakehouse. Tied me to his bed.

BONEY
Back to the woodshed real quick. When you went to place the puppets there, did you notice it was packed-

AMY
Lots of stuff.

BONEY
Corresponding to purchases made on credit cards in Nick's name.

AMY begins coughing, which turns into a pitiful RETCH. An FBI guy hands her a glass of WATER.

AMY
Nick and credit cards. He buys, I nag. I'm sure he hid it all at Go's. They are very close.
(pause)
May I go back to where I was being held prisoner by a man with a history of mental problems?

FBI
Please continue, Ms. Dunne.

AMY pulls her gown around her. A suit passes her a BLANKET.

AMY
Desi raped me that night. Every night. He'd tie me up like a dog. Punish me. Starve me. Shave me. Sodomize me. Cameras everywhere. You've got to find the tapes.

AMY and BONEY exchange a glance: I'm sure we will.

250 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

NICK is pacing past GILPIN and a COP.

GILPIN
She slit his throat. Box cutter to-
NICK
How'd she get the box cutter if she was always tied up?

GILPIN
Just be happy your wife is safe.

251 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

BONEY
We found your diary, Amy. It contains a lot of concerning allegations. Mental and physical abuse.

AMY
The ugly truth—Nick didn't want a baby. He had money problems. He has a temper. But I love him.

BONEY
You tried to buy a gun.

AMY
(weak voice)
I feel myself fading—

BONEY
I just need to clarify—

AMY
Let me clarify for you: If this case had been left in your deeply incompetent hands, Nick would be a dead man walking and I'd be tied spread eagle on a bed, raped every day from now until I died.

FBI
Ms. Dunne, you've been very brave. We're finished. Now: Do you feel safe going home with your husband?

252 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

An FBI agent wheels AMY out. All eyes are on her. She holds out a HAND to NICK. NICK flinches. Looks to TANNER. A few people are already popping out their camera phones to record the happy event. TANNER addresses the crowd—mainly Nick.
TANNER
We prayed to God and God answered our prayers. Amy Dunne is home.
I know there are many questions and concerns to be addressed—but for tonight let's just sit tight and be grateful and thankful for this Miracle on the Mississippi.

253 EXT. DUNNE HOUSE - EARLY EVENING
NICK and AMY are silent in the back of a squad car as they approach. HUNDREDS of people on the street. Newsvans from all over the world. Well-wishers bearing homemade POSTERS with Amy's name in HEARTS. NICK helps AMY exit the car. The CROWD reacts as if they are a beloved Hollywood couple. AMY strikes the right pose: abused—but resilient.

254 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING
NICK shuts the door firmly. The camera lights outside give them a romantic glow. AMY goes to put her arms around him.

NICK
Stop pretending.

AMY
I'm not pretending. You were perfect. The Nick I saw on TV is the Nick I fell in love with.

NICK
I just said what you wanted to hear.

AMY
That's how well you know me! You know me in your marrow.

He turns his back on her. RETHINKS. Turns back around.

NICK
Amy, I need to know everything.

AMY
Take off your clothes.
255 INT. BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

NICK drops his clothes to the floor. AMY drops her clothes, runs her hands over him, tries to arouse him.

AMY
Need to make sure you’re not wearing a wire.

She womanhandles him more. Nothing. She turns on the shower.

AMY (CONT’D)
Get in.

She motions him into the shower! Might as well be wielding a GUN. Inside the SHOWER the water SPRAYS against them as they stand face to face. Trickles of pink-Desi’s dried BLOOD—flow from her hair down her neck. She tries to get closer to him. He backs away.

NICK
You’re a murderer, Amy.

AMY
I’m a fighter. I fought my way back to you.

NICK
You slit Desi’s throat. With a box cutter.

AMY
You begged for me to save your life on national TV. And I obliged. But I want that Nick.

NICK
I’m leaving.

AMY
You really think that’s smart? Wounded, raped wife battles her way back to her husband—and he deserts her? The media will destroy you. Your neighbors will shun you. And I will make sure no one forgets the pain you caused me.

NICK debates the truth of this.
NICK
I don’t want to deal with your groupies outside. But as soon as they go, I go.

AMY
Give it the night. Sleep on it.

256 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMY, dressed for bed, slips under the covers and pats the spot beside her. NICK pulls the covers over her.

NICK
Was there ever a baby?

AMY
There can be.

Nick turns to leave. The room is day-bright from the CAMERAS outside. Amy smiles at the GLOW.

257 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Nick enters the pristine, over-pillowed room. LOCKS the door.

258 INT. DUNNE FRONT YARD - MORNING

Nick is again taking out the TRASH. As in our first shot, he looks ill and angry.

TITLE CARD:
AUGUST 15, 2012
ONE DAY HOME

259 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

NICK walks in; AMY is in an apron, cooking a crepe. She looks straight out of Good Housekeeping.

AMY
Hello, Handsome!

ELLEN (O.S.)
She was his dream girl.
On a big-screen TV, Ellen Abbott is roaring on about her new villain: DESI COLLINGS.

ELLEN
And when this spoiled, rich, entitled little boy couldn’t have her? He took her. It disgusts me...

Nick walks past without even looking. The former Find Amy Dunne headquarters is being dismantled. Over Amy’s “MISSING” poster are the happy words: FOUND! Champagne is popping. News cameras are everywhere. NICK passes RAND and MARYBETH with two glass of champagne. The three watch Amy, snapping photos with fans. NICK says the next line cheerily enough.

NICK
You two must be proud.

He sweeps past, tries to pull her from the clutch of reporters.

REPORTER ONE
Nick, what’s next for you and Amy?

AMY
Right now, it’s all about our marriage. If two people love each other and can’t make it work, that’s the real tragedy.

Cameras flash. Amy whispers sweetly into Nick’s ear.

AMY (CONT’D)
(whispering)
Kiss my cheek. Now.

He kisses her cheek. She takes her champagne from him.

NICK sits with GO, BONEY and TANNER at a booth. Air of subterfuge. A TABLOID from the “Amy Found!” event sits on the table: Nick kissing Amy on the cheek. Headline: “AMY DUNNE: It’s all about our marriage!”

GO
You can’t live in the same house as that spider.

TITLE CARD:
AUGUST 20, 2012
SIX DAYS HOME

NICK
Right now I can’t live anywhere but in that house. When the media goes-

GO
When exactly do you think the media will disappear? This thing’s only getting bigger.

ON TV: Amy-mania around the world. We see a crowd in China all wearing AMY T-shirts.

BONEY
(pointing at TV)
People love her story: bad guy dead, husband repentant, golden girl home.

TANNER
Mess with it, they’ll come looking for blood.

NICK
(whispering)
She told me she murdered Desi. Not self defense. Murder.

GO
Can’t we wire him?

BONEY
I can’t get a wire. We had the national spotlight on us, and we stained the rug.

NICK
It wouldn’t work anyway.

GO
She told you once before.

NICK
We were in the shower.

Tanner can’t help himself.

TANNER
I swear to god, you two are the most fucked-up people I’ve ever known. And I specialize in fucked-up.

(MORE)
TANNER (CONT'D)
I mean, you and Amy in the same house? I should pitch it as a reality show.

NICK
Great entertainment advice. What's your legal opinion?

TANNER
My legal opinion is: Don't ever turn your back on your wife.

NICK
No, my wife must always be faced.

The crowd hushes as AMY shows up on TV: Reporters have surrounded her as she tries to slip inside a grocery store.

ON TV:

AMY
Nick and I have had our bad patches, our dark days. But I thank you for forgiving him for what he did and for supporting our new, happy life together. Your encouragement means the world.

TANNER
Damn, she's good.

GO
It's a spinoff. Amazing Amy and the Humbled Husband.

Tanner rises.

TANNER
The Devoted Dunnes. I'll stay tuned.

(to Go)
Take care of this guy, OK?

NICK
You're leaving?

TANNER
You're not at risk anymore.

NICK
I'm the definition of "at risk."
TANNER
You have a book deal, Lifetime movie-franchise The Bar? You're golden. You should thank her.

He laughs at that, pats Nick on the shoulder.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Remember: Don't turn your back.

He leaves.

GO
Elvis has left Missouri.

262 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT
4am time. NICK gets out of bed. Unlocks his door.

263 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT
He sneaks past Amy's door. Goes downstairs.

264 INT. DUNNE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FOYER - NIGHT
He looks out at the media vans, ENCAMPED. He hears something behind him, turns around to see AMY ghostly in her nightgown.

TITLE CARD:
SEPTEMBER 18, 2012
FIVE WEEKS HOME

AMY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

NICK
Couldn't sleep.

AMY
Come on, let me tuck you back in.

265 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT
Amy is tucking Nick into bed.

He is scanning her: He can't forget Desi and the boxcutter.

AMY
Nick. You know you can sleep with me, right?
NICK
I need time.

AMY
I'd never hurt you. I do need you to participate though. That's fair, right?

Nick nods.

AMY (CONT'D)
Marriage is about communication. Show me you understand.

Nick puts his finger to his chin.

NICK
Right.

266 INT. THE BAR - DAY
NICK, GO, and BONEY. BONEY is aimed toward the door.

NICK
What if I told the truth.

TITLE CARD:
OCTOBER 16, 2012
NINE WEEKS HOME

BONEY holds up a tabloid: NICK and AMY: A Second Chance at Love. The photo of them is ADORABLE.

BONEY
You could try it, but I don't think you'd have much peace afterward.

NICK
I don't have peace now.

GO
Can you ask them to re-fingerprint-

BONEY sighs: She's now about to deliver the bad news.

BONEY
I can't do anything. It's with the Feds. They're done. So I have to be done. Orders.
(pause)
I got a kid to feed, you know?
NICK
I know.

BONEY
I'm sorry.

NICK
Don't be.

BONEY lingers for a moment. Then heads toward the door.

BONEY
Her name's Mia, by the way.

NICK looks over at her: What? BONEY is walking out the door.

BONEY (CONT'D)
My kid. You asked me once. Her name's Mia.

For what it's worth. And BONEY's gone. It's just GO and NICK. *
NICK holds up another TABLOID photo: NICK and Amy hand in *
hand in the park, laughing.

NICK
Remember what Mom always said? Tell the truth and shame the devil.

He thinks, staring at the photo of false happiness.

NICK (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Let everyone take sides.

GO
Team Nick, Team Amy.

NICK
Sell some fucking T-Shirts.

267 INT. DUNNE BATHROOM - DAY
Nick assesses himself in the mirror. Camera ready. FLUSH.

NICK
My wife is a lying, murderous sociopath.

268 INT. DUNNE KITCHEN - DAY
Amy is pouring coffee as he sits. They look like Happy Middle- *
American Marrieds.
AMY
We should hold hands. Not the entire time, but on and off throughout.

She sits next to him. Weaves her hand in his.

TITLE CARD:
November 6, 2012
TWELVE WEEKS HOME

AMY (CONT’D)
Now: “How does it feel to have your wife back, Nick?”

NICK
“Fantastic. How often does a guy get a real second chance?”

AMY
Fantastic’s a little flippant.

NICK
“Amazing?”

Amy rises, begins tidying up.

AMY
I’ll need you to admit that you got the credit cards, you hid that stuff at Go’s and you did push me. I need those three things from you to feel safe.

Nick just stares at her: He can’t say it.

AMY (CONT’D)
You need to own this, Nick.

NICK
I know exactly what to say.

The doorbell rings.

269 INT. DUNNE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The door opens onto: a grinning ELLEN ABBOTT. He lets the vampire into his house.

ELLEN
I appreciate you giving me this time, Nick.
NICK
You called me a murderer.

ELLEN
I go where the story goes.

NICK
You implied I had carnal relations with my sister.

ELLEN
I said you two were close.

NICK
You said I was a sociopath.

Ellen digs through her bag. She pulls out a robot kitten.

ELLEN
To go with your robot dog. Little ice breaker.

Nick stares stonily at her. Tosses it on the stairs. The camera crew begins setting up in the living room.

NICK
I’ll get Amy.

270 INT. DUNNE BEDROOM - EVENING

AMY and NICK on the bed. Between them is a gift-wrapped BOX.

NICK
I do not want another gift from you, ever.

AMY
Open it.

He opens it, slowly, dreading, and pulls out: A PREGNANCY STICK, with a BRIGHT BLUE POSITIVE SIGN.

NICK
I haven’t touched you.

AMY
You didn’t need to.

She waits for him to figure it out.

NICK
The notice of disposal. You threw it out.
AMY
The notice, yes.

She takes his hand and puts it on her belly.

AMY (CONT’D)
Size of a lentil.

NICK
I want a blood test. I want a paternity test.

AMY
I love tests.

A long, sick moment.

NICK
You can’t make me raise a child with you, Amy. I don’t love you.

AMY
Because you stopped trying.

NICK
We are toxic. We complete each other in the sickest possible way.

AMY
You think you could ever be happy with a nice, normal woman? No, baby. I’m it. I complete you. I’m the only one who can.

NICK
Amy: No.

AMY
Stay with me and I will make you happy. You know I can. I’ve killed for you.

NICK has her by the throat. She stares calmly at him. They are eye to eye. BUT: Of course he can’t kill her. Finally he unhands her. They both gasp for breath.

AMY (CONT’D)
You can run away like a boy, or stay. Raise your child. Be the man you want to be. It’s your choice, Nick.

OFF SCREEN: THE SOUND OF SOBBING
INT. GO’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Go is on the floor, against the living-room wall, crying.

GO
I won’t watch you play house with that thing for the next 18 years.

NICK
I can’t walk away.

GO
You could get custody.

NICK
I wouldn’t. Go, it’s my child. I have to stay.

GO
You want to stay.

NICK
I have a responsibility. This isn’t just about me anymore.

GO
You want to stay with her.

SILENCE. He doesn’t deny it.

GO (CONT’D)
You’re breaking my heart.

NICK
Go, please. I need my voice of reason. I need to know you’re with me.

She leans against his shoulder.

GO
I was with you before we were even born.

ON TV: We see outtakes of the ELLEN ABBOTT interview.

NICK
After so much darkness we have come out united. We communicate. We are honest. We’re partners in crime.
AMY
And Ellen, I'm happy to announce on
your show: soon we'll be parents.

ELLEN yelps with joy. AMY and ELLEN hug across NICK.

273 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
They lie down side by side on the marital bed. Nick is
staring at the back of Amy's head, just as in the opening.

NICK (O.S.)
What are you thinking? How are you
feeling? What have we done to each
other? What will we do?

Amy turns, and gives him a haunting SMILE.

FADE TO BLACK.